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Meditations

on the Supper of our Lord, and the Hours of the Passion.

BERLIN: ASHER & CO., 53 MOHRENSTRASSE.
NEW YORK: C. SCRIBNER & CO.; LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Meditations

on the Supper of our Lord, and the Hours of the Passion,

by

Cardinal John Bonaventura

the Seraphic Doctor.

Drawn into English Verse by Robert Manning of Brunne.

(ABOUT 1315—1330.)

EDITED FROM THE MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD,

with Introduction and Glossary

BY

J. MEADOWS COWPER, F.R.H.S.,

EDITOR OF 'THE TIMES' WHISTLE,' 'ENGLAND IN HENRY VIII'S TIME,' 'THE SELECT WORKS OF ARCHDEACON CROWLEY,' ETC. ETC.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXXV.

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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

I. DESCRIPTION OF THE MS.

The MS. from which the poem here presented to the reader has been copied is known as Harl. MS. 1701, and marked Plut. LXXII. B. The volume, which is about 12 in. × 9 in., contains three poems:

a. *Handlyng Synne,*
b. *The Medytacyuns,*
c. *Roberd of Cyssille.*

The first two leaves are blank; *a.* occupies 83 leaves and part of the 84th, ending in the second column of the first side of leaf 84. It is immediately followed by our poem, which, it will be seen, commences in the second column of leaf 84. It closes on the second page of leaf 91 (fol. 91, back), of which it occupies somewhat more than half. On leaf 92 commences *Kyng Roberd of Cyssille*, which closes on the first side of leaf 95.

The headings of the divisions of the poem are all written in red ink; a few of the capitals are illuminated, and the lines are all bracketed in pairs with red ink. In "the fourþe poynt of þe soper" five ¶'s have been introduced, but whether by the original scribe or by a later one I am unable to say: they are done in blue. The handwriting is very regular and very clear; a few omissions occur, but nearly all have been supplied by the original scribe with the usual mark (ʌ) underneath. These are all noted, as well as a few which I have thought to be required: one whole line has been supplied from the Bodleian MS.

A few words have their meanings written over them, thus:—

	wraþþe		euer
l. 345	mode	l. 1030	ay
	place		soper
l. 440	ce to ce	l. 1111	cene
	haste		take
l. 821	reke	l. 1114	nome

The punctuation of the MS. is so very slight, that it has been disregarded altogether. I have expanded the contractions where I could see clearly what was intended, and have marked the expansions according to our custom. In a few cases the mark of contraction seemed doubtful, and these I have noted at the foot of the page where they occur. Frequently *gh* has a mark through it, thus, gh̄, and it will be found so printed in the text, even where it perhaps ought to be followed by a *t*: thus tagh̄ in the MS. is not expanded into tagh̄*t*; and thogh̄ is printed thogh̄ without any expansion. In line 554 the words "crucyfye, crucyfye" have a slight curl, or it may be *g*, over the *ye*; a curl somewhat similar is found over such a word as "our," which I have expanded into our*e*; but the word "crucyfye" I have left. MS. B. has "crucyfige." The word is in the imperative mood, singular; and "crucyfye" or "crucyfyge" will correspond with the grammar of the poem, as will be seen further on.

The only other known copy of the poem is in the Bodl. MS. 415, which also contains the *Handlyng Synne*. Mr Geo. Parker of Oxford has kindly read my transcript with the Bodleian MS., and noted all the variations between the two. They are but slight, but the Bodl. MS. has supplied one whole line (248) as stated before, and correct readings in ll. 214, 216; while l. 1102 seems to be corrupt in both MSS.

II. GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The few notes I have made upon the grammatical forms of this poem are such as presented themselves to my mind in reading the MS., aided by a hint from the Rev. W. W. Skeat, which is referred to below. The forms I have tabulated are intended for those readers who are interested in the grammar of our language, and they will, I trust, be of some use to those who are more competent than I am to

draw correct conclusions as to the date of the poem and the locality in which it was written. My object has been simply to tabulate forms; and if at any time I have ventured to give utterance to an opinion of my own, or to deduce any principle from the facts before me, I have done so with the utmost deference to the opinions of others.

I. VERBS.

(i.) Verbs in the third person singular, indicative mood, present tense, end generally in *eth*, some few in *th*; as:—

wytnesseþ	l. 51	kalleþ	l. 535
putteþ	71	goþ	571
boweþ	148	bereþ	572
wasseþ	151	suffyseþ	693
cleppeþ	152	endyþ	775
kysseþ	152	suffreþ	782
gouerneþ	211	wexyþ	825
foleweþ	295	seeþ	848
preyeþ	310	acceþteþ	913
kepeþ	404	answereþ	1004
seyþ	408	shameþ	1081
cumþ	418	ȝyfþ	1106
chargeþ	470	cryeþ	1106
wadeþ	520	geþ	1122
sheweþ	524		

Once only have I noticed the verb in the *second* person singular, indicative, present tense, to end in *th*:—

"Fy! þat goddes temple *dystroyþ*" (674).

(ii.) Verbs in the third person plural, present indicative, end in *eth* and in *en*. The following end in *eth*:—

bygynneþ[1]	p. 1	scorneþ	l. 429
blyndyþ	l. 427	syngeþ	429
boffeteþ	428	dyspyseþ	673
seyþ	428	seeþ	848

The following end in *n*, *en*:—

ben	l. 122	pycchen	l. 612
sen	232	cleuyn	616
crepyn	286	beren	667
callen	292	doun	755
deluyn	347, 611	dyen	755
axen	430	lakkyn	884
leyn	521	wounden	911
dryuen	593	wrastyn	911
dyggen	611	shullen	1108

[1] In B. *bygynnen*

(iii.) Imperatives in the singular have two terminations *-e* (sometimes omitted), and *th* in the proportion of rather more than two of the former to one of the latter. Bearing in mind Mr Skeat's distinction between "thou and ye" in *William of Palerne* (Intro. xli), I have endeavoured to classify these imperatives to see whether the author followed any definite system in their use.[1] At first all seems confusion—*e* and þ being apparently used indiscriminately.

Omitting the expletives "þenk"(e), "beþenk"(e), and "beholde," used only by the translator to his reader, which never end in þ, they may be divided thus :—

(*a*) The translator addressing the reader, *or equal addressing equal*, uses the *e* termination generally, as :—

say	l. 8	receyue	l. 218
opone	10	here	219
hyde	10	do	298
take	17, 43, 297, 371	loþe	299
loke	167	crucyfye	608
haue	179	se	826

Christ addressing His Father—*Equals*—also uses the *e* termination :—

kepe	l. 259, 354, 366, 368	ryse	l. 838
bowe	312	forgyue	649, 711
lestene	312	graunte	650
here	313	saue	651
dyspyse	313	slake	696
see	316	take	746

The Father to the Son—*Equals* :—

Com	l. 750	sytte	l. 754
Come	754		

The Virgin to death :—

Come	l. 791	do	l. 792

The Virgin to her Son :—

haue reuþe on me l. 832

The mob to Christ :—

telle who þe smyt	l. 428	saue þy selfe	l. 675
Come to þy dome	483	come adowne	676

The Virgin to the disciples :—

dysmay ȝow nat l. 1090

St Michael to Christ in His agony :—

cumforte þe weyl	l. 398	do manly	l. 398

[1] I am reminded that *ye* for *thou* is regularly Northern; it is first found in the *Tristrem*, then in the *Havelok*.

The last two ought, perhaps, to be classed with the following three, as exceptions to the rule :—

Be	l. 2	graunte	l. 5
saue	4		

These occur in the translator's invocation to the Deity. And lastly, *se*, 701, used by the Virgin to God. This may be an error of the scribe, as Mary, we shall see, in every other instance uses the termination *th*.

We may then, I think, conclude that equals address equals without the final *th*.

(*b*) I come now to examine the imperatives which end in *th*. Among these are no expletives to be struck out.

Christ addressing His disciples, Superior addressing inferiors, use *th* :—

makeþ	l. 196	weteþ	l. 254
kepeþ	247	aryseþ	280

The Virgin, apparently assuming superiority, says to the women, seeþ (809); to the disciples :—

takeþ	l. 950	lateþ	l. 994
beryeþ	951	douteþ	1105
abydeþ	991, 1047	beþ	1107
goþ	994		

The Virgin to the Jews who came to remove the bodies from the cross :—

pyneþ	l. 847	ȝyueþ	l. 848
brekeþ	847	haueþ	850

In these last instances, although the Virgin appears as a suppliant, yet we cannot doubt but that the poet intended to represent her as the superior of the "houndes" who came to break the legs of those hanging on the cross, and to cast their bodies into the ditch close by. Once, as we have seen (1090), Mary uses "dysmay" when addressing the disciples, and only once. John, too, uses the forms under notice twice; once, addressing these same Jews at the cross, he says, "goþ hens" (873), and again, in addressing the women, "beþe of gode cumforte" (895). A seeming inconsistency appears in this last, but it must be remembered that to him was given the care of the Virgin; and with this charge he seems to have had the care and command of all the women.

So far, then, we should be tolerably safe in saying equals addressed equals without the *th*, and superiors inferiors with it; but another class will compel us to modify what would have been a convenient division, and one which could have been accounted for by *number* (as the division, perhaps, will be after all), namely, that imperatives singular end in *e*, while in the plural they end in *th*. The class which remains for examination is that in which inferiors address superiors.

The Virgin in her prayer to God uses

kepeþ	l. 458	ȝeldeþ	l. 468
beþ	459	helpeþ	471
doþ	465	bryngeþ	472
lateþ	467		

Broadly stated, then, we may say, equals address equals in *e*, and unequals address unequals in *th*.

We may also say that all imperatives in *e* (except dysmay followed by the pronoun) are in the singular number, and that all in *th*—*nine* exceptions—are in the plural number.[1]

(iv.) A few verbs occur in the second person indicative, terminating in *est*, as: þenkest (21), takest (202), seest (205), forsakest (727), betakest (728), suffrest (868), and sentest (317). We have also byt for bade (305), and byst for biddest (1015); fynst for findest (557), shust for shouldest (714), and bynte for bind (427).

(v.) The present participle ends in *ing* (yng) throughout; to this I find no exceptions; unless memorand, ll. 32 and 195, are taken as participles.

II. Nouns.

Of Nouns not much need be said. Generally the plural ends in *s*, *es*, or *ys*, as opynyon*s*, wurd*es*, hert*ys*; but a few end in *en*, as:—

teren, tears	l. 634	sostryn, sisters	l. 647
yen, eyes	357	shamen, shames	672
breþren	647	honden, hands	912

The possessive (several exceptions) ends in *s*, *es*, *ys*, as:—

Martyals legende	l. 51	goddes grace	l. 9
Sones passyun	3	crystys passyun	14

[1] See *Morris's Specimens of Early English*, Introduction, xxxiii.

III. PRONOUNS.

The Personal Pronouns are, Singular—

1.	2.	3.
y	þou	he, she (also *se*), hyt
my, myn	þy, þyn	hys, here
me	þe	hym, here, hyt

Plural—

1.	2.	3.
we	ȝe	þey
oure	ȝoure	here
vs	ȝow	hem

The interrogatives *who* (106, 551) and *ho* (526, 790) occur; also the relatives *whiche* (812) and *þat* (215). *He* occurs once as a neuter unless we say 'world' is masculine:—

> And ȝyf þe worlde ȝow hate now,
> Weteþ þat *he* me hated ar ȝow (253-4).

Here I cannot do better than quote Mr Skeat's remarks on the use of *Thou* and *Ye* before referred to. He says, "*Thou* is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses also companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst *ye* is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty."[1] A careful examination of the pronouns used in this poem gives the same results. Thus, Christ addresses His Father as *Thou*, *Thee*—using *ȝow* once in the accusative (314)—or in the language of an "equal to an equal." The author addresses his reader in the same terms—*thou*, *thee*.

The Jews, in "scorn," address Jesus as *Thou* (436-8). John, as the beloved companion of Christ, uses *thee*—"who shal þe betrey?" (106). St Michael, who was sent from heaven to comfort the Saviour, uses at first the language of a "servant"—"for *ȝow* we (the angels) preyd" (382); but afterwards he uses that of love—*thee* (383). He again uses *thee*, but he seems to be repeating the Father's words (403).

Mary, using "the language of a servant to a lord," and expressing at the same time "honour, submission, and entreaty," in her prayer to the Father in heaven, uses *ye*, *you*, *youre*, with the plural verbs (457—469).

[1] *William of Palerne*, Intro. xlii.

The translator twice uses *you* when addressing Christ (579-80), and John uses *ye* to Mary (853).

IV. ADJECTIVES.

The comparative in *er* occurs in logher (133), and the superlative in *est* in ȝungest (56).

V. ADVERBS.

In adverbs we have *nygh* (90) and *ny* (418, 566) with the comparative *ner* (584). Once the adverb terminates in *lygh*, gladlygh (89); in all other instances in *ly*, as shamely (172), manly (398).

To conclude. The results of this examination show that

1. Verbs in the third person singular, present, indicative mood, end in *eth*. This termination is Southern and East Midland.[1]

2. Verbs in the third person plural, indicative mood, end in *eth* or in *en;* the number having the latter ending being eighteen, that of the former only eight: *eth* is the Southern ending; *en* is the Midland ending.[2]

3. Verbs in the second person singular, indicative mood, end in *est*. This termination is Southern and East Midland.[3]

4. Verbs imperative, singular, end in *e*, except some few particularly mentioned above; the imperative plural, second person, with one exception, in *eth;* (but note "þank we" and "gyn we" in ll. 1133, 1135, which are 1st pers. pl.)

5. The present participles end in *ing*, which is Southern,[4] but had spread over the Midland by 1310, as we see in the rimes in the *Handlyng Synne*.

6. Nouns plural end in *es*, *ys*, some few in *en*.

From all which we conclude the language is Midland, with some Southern forms, due, most likely, to the transcriber.

III. AUTHORSHIP, ETC.

The numerous translations of S. Bonaventura's *Vita Christi* which exist show how popular the work has always been. The partial translation here for the first time printed is probably the earliest in existence. The next in order would seem to be one

[1] *Specimens of E. E. Poetry*, xii. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. In the *Havelok* we find "Thou sittes." [4] *Genesis and Exodus*, xxviii.

mentioned in Lowndes' *Bib. Manual* under the title of *The Myrrour of the blessyed Life of Ihesu Cryst,* translated into English in the year 1410, and printed by Richard Pynson.[1] In the British Museum are two copies, printed by Caxton in 1488, one on paper, the other on vellum. There is also in the Museum a copy printed by W. de Worde in 1525. The only copies of modern editions which I have seen are one published in London in 1739, translated and edited by "E. Y." and another published at Frome Selwood for the use of Members of the Church of England, so recently as 1868. This appears without translator's or editor's name.[2] "E. Y." speaks of an "Obsolete Edition" which he intended to copy, merely altering the orthography; but finding the "Editor (of this Obsolete Edition) having often through the whole omitted many Passages of the Saint, and inserted others in their Room, such as were either agreeable with his own Thoughts, or collected from other Authors, who have wrote on the same Subject," he determined on a new translation. To what "obsolete edition" he refers I cannot say, nor can I ascertain who "E. Y." was.

Robert Mannyng of Bourne, in Lincolnshire, was probably the translator of the *Medytacyuns.* In 1303 he translated *Le Manuel des Pechiez* under the title of *Handlyng Synne.* In the Harl. MS. our poem immediately follows the *Handlyng Synne,* and in the Bodleian the two also appear together. Between 1327 and 1338 Mannyng translated Peter de Langtoft's French *Chronicle* into English, and possibly he may, about this time, have made a translation of a portion of Bonaventura's *Meditationes Vitæ Christi.*[3]

As bearing upon the authorship, we may say it is well known that Mannyng used to take great liberties with his originals. A glance at Mr Furnivall's *Handlyng Synne* will show to how great an extent he introduced original stories to illustrate some point which he deemed of importance. The same thing will be found here. Among passages which do not appear in the Latin original may be noted the following:—

[1] Bohn's *Lowndes' Bib. Man.*, p. 234.
[2] The Catalogue says it is by the Rev. F. Oakeley.
[3] Mr T. L. Kington Oliphant thinks Manning wrote the *Handlyng Synne* from 1303—1310; and that he then began the present poem.

The opening part, consisting of 22 lines, is wholly the translator's own. Lines 130, 136, 138, and 170,

> þat þe lered men shulde teche the lewed,

are also interpolations.

Lines 212, 215, 217, and 218 are new, and noteworthy, as showing the opinion of the translator upon an important doctrine :—

> He *þat þou seest yn þe prestes fest.* 212
> *He þat þou seest yn forme of brede,* 215
> Hyt ys goddys sone quyk nat ded.
> With clene herte þou hym receyue, 217
> For elles þy soule þou wylt deceyue. 218

The expression "tyl þat he wax hote" (369), and that Christ suffered in His agony only in His Manhood and not in His Godhead (411-12), are also new; as are lines 477-8,

> Both bollers of wyne and eche a gadlyng
> Come oute for to se of Ihesus endyng;

and the exclamation (529-30),

> Almyȝty god! where art þou now?
> Þese houndes seme myȝtyer þan þou!

In the "third hour" the expressive lines (567-8) are due to the translator :—

> Þey punged hym furþe þurgh euery slogh,
> As an hors ys prykked þat goþ yn þe plogh.

As he went on the translator took greater liberties, and introduced more of his own matter, and generally with advantage. Thus, after l. 768 had said the Saviour's dying cry was heard in hell, we have added :—

> Þenk now, man, what ioye þere ys
> Whan soules ben broȝt from pyne to blys.
> A! how long þey haue þere lyne,
> To abyde here sauyour yn many a pyne;
> Þey cleped, and cryed, com goddes sone,
> How long shul we yn þys wo wone?

And further on, after l. 834, the following new matter is introduced :—

> To þe cros foote hastly she ran,
> And clypped þe cros faste yn here arme,
> And seyd, my sone here wyl y dey,
> Ar þou from me be bore aweye.

After the Saviour's death and the appearance of the water and blood, the translator breaks out (861-8) :—

AA, wrong! aa, wo! aa, wykkednes!
To martyre here for here mekenes.
Þe sone was dede, he felte no smerte,
But certes hyt perced þe modyrs hert.
Þey wounded here, and heped harm vp on harmes;
She fyl, as for dede, yn maudeleyns armys.
A! Ihesu, þys dedę ys ful wundyr to me,
Þat þou suffrest þy modyr be martyred for þe.

The line commencing "She fyl" only being in the original. Omitting the inserted lines 879-882 and 923-4, we arrive at a longer passage, which also seems worthy of being introduced here:—

Feyn wulde she ha bore more of here dere sone,
But grete sorowe here strengþe had ouercome.
Þat arme wepyng ofte she kyste,
She kolled hyt, she clypped hyt vp on here brest.
But euer whan she behelde þat grysly wounde,
For sorowe & for feyntnes she fyl to þe grounde.
Oftyn she seyd a, sone! a, sone!
Where ys now alle þat werk become,
Þat þou were wunt to werche with þys honde?
Feuers and syke men to brynge oute of bonde.
A, flesshe! a, fode! moste feyre and most fre,
Of þe holy goste conceyued yn me,
Why fadest þou? no fylþe yn þe ys founde,
For synneles y bare þe yn to þys mounde.
A! mannes synne dere hast þou boȝt,
With a gretter prys myȝt hyt neuer be boȝt.—ll. 1111-1121.

The whole of the final Meditation, except the idea in ll. 1126-29, is due to the translator. Of other liberties, such as the expansion or condensation of the original, it would be too tedious to speak—the handling throughout has been free,—the translator following his own judgment wherever he deemed it best.[1]

R. Mannyng's desire to teach the lewed will be well remembered. He translated Langtoft's *Chronicle* into "*symple speche*" "*for the luf of symple men,*" and in "light lange" he it "beganne, *for luf of the lewed manne;*" and here, in the *Medytacyuns*, we have

A feyre monasshyng hys sermoun shewed
Þat þe lered men shulde teche þe lewed.[2]

One other parallel passage may be quoted. In *Handlyng Synne* we meet with this:—

Whan Iesu deyde thurghe passyun
Hys dyscyplys doutede echoun

[1] Miss L. Toulmin Smith read my proof with the Latin Original.
[2] ll. 169, 170.

Whether he shulde ryse or noun.
Alle that beleuede yn hym byfore,
Alle here beleue was nyghe forlore
Fro the fryday that he deyde
To tyme that he ros, as he seyde.
But hys modyr vyrgyne Marie,
She bare the beleue vp stedfastly
Fro the fryday at the noun
Tyl alle the satyrday was doun,
And alle the nyght tyle that he ros.

With this compare ll. 1107, 1110 of the *Medytacyuns*. Addressing the weeping disciples, Mary says:—

Beeþ of gode cumfort, for trustly y say,
We shullen hym se on þe þrydde day;
Seþþen he haþ boght vs at so grete prys,
Nedes from þe deþ he mote aryse.

Against these in favour of Mannyng being the translator we must place the undoubted difference of dialect between the *Medytacyuns* and the *Chronicle*. By the kindness of Mr Furnivall I have been supplied with some forward sheets of his forthcoming edition of Brunne's translation of Langtoft's *Chronicle*, and have made a careful examination of 2230 lines (all I had), or of a portion about twice the length of the *Medytacyuns*. I have shown in the grammatical notes to this poem[2] that the dialect is E. Midland. Availing myself of Mr Morris's tests I have obtained the following results respecting the dialect of the *Chronicle*:—

1. Verbs in the third person singular, indicative, end (with a very few exceptions) in *es*. This is the Northern or W. Midland form.[3]

2. Verbs in the third person plural, indicative, end in *s* or *es* (except one or two). This also is the Northern or W. Midland termination.[3]

3. Verbs of the second person singular, present, indicative, end in *es* and *est*, two of the latter to three of the former; again showing in favour of a Northern dialect.

4. Imperatives singular are but few, and show no partiality for any particular dialect; but the imperatives plural mostly end in *es*; that is, have a Northern or W. Midland ending.

5. Present or imperfect participles end in *and*, *ande*, and *yng*.

[1] *Handlyng Synne*, Furnivall's ed., p. 29. [2] Ante, p. xii.
[3] These forms are also found in the E. Midland *Havelok*.

6. Nouns plural generally end in *es;* none I think in *en.*

There are other details which point strongly to a Northern rather than a Southern influence; such as the use of *hepen* and *þepen*, which are said to be "unknown to the Southern dialect;"[1] the constant occurrence of *til* (to) as a preposition; and other forms which I need not specify. So marked a difference in dialect can only be accounted for, supposing the *Chronicle* and the *Medytacyuns* proceeded from the same man, by the liberties taken by transcribers with their originals. It was only natural that, when they copied a work, they should endeavour to adapt the language to the district in which it was to be used.

It is matter for regret that these *Meditations* have not been in the hands of subscribers and students earlier. I copied the MS., and this Introduction was written, some five years ago—want of funds on the one hand, and my absence from England on the other, have delayed its appearance until now. During my brief holiday I have done what little I could (imperfectly, I know) to finish Henry Brinklow's volume for the student of history, and these *Meditations* for those especially who care to go back to "The sources of Standard English."[2]

J. M. COWPER.

Watling Street, Canterbury,
February 23, 1875.

Mr T. L. Kington Oliphant has read the proof of the *Medytacyuns*, and has kindly made the following notes:—

"I think there is no doubt that the 'Soper' must have been compiled by Robert of Brunne. The following are expressions that also come in the *Handlyng Synne*:—

"Page (Soper) 30. God *ones* (olim) said; also, *swyche, same, nat only, smert, afore, pens, tugge, holy* (omnino), *the which, ho* (quis), *would God, seced* (cessavit). There is the same fondness for *gh* instead of the old *h*, as *logher, syghyng, þogh, Myghel, þurgh, glad-*

[1] Morris's *Specimens, &c.*, xv.
[2] The title of Mr Oliphant's most useful book.

lygh. There is, in common with the Northern Psalter, *bie* (emere), *wicked* (with the *d* at the end), *thos* = *thes* (illi), p. 19, *them which* (p. 9).

"*Astyte* is a regular Northern expression; *teit* comes in the Haveloc; so does *stone dead.*

"*Furthermore* is in the Tristrem. There are many expressions found in the Cursor Mundi (Northern Version, which I think Dr Morris dates about 1290). These are *tite*, p. 268; *rife*, p. 18; *put* (in the sense of *ponere*), p. 96; (Ormin's) *bad* (jussit), p. 108; *cole* (occidere), p. 166; *ha* instead of *have*, p. 22; *wunt*, p. 208; *you* for *thou*, p. 164; *cors* (corpus) is also used in both works. Stratmann gives none but Northern examples of this last.

"There are some new expressions in the Soper, such as *bring about*, *swoon* (the *n* at the end is here first found); *stuck*, from *stikien* (p. 29); *grub*, for pluck up; *hereupon*, *strait* to hell (p. 35); *by cause* (quia); *most* is used for the superlative, p. 15. We see *a by path*, 16, like Manning's *bi way; to lay on* (thrash), *own self* (line 680). The Northern *them*, not *hem*, comes in p. 12, and has not been altered by the transcriber. The East Anglian *clad* is found in p. 16. The 3 pers. sing. in *es* comes often, like *hangis* (pendet).

"The word *preyour* (p. 13) altered to suit the rime is odd. The Southern transcriber was most likely a Kentishman, for we find *a ver* (afar), p. 19. He has *teren* (lachryme), *some seyþ*, was *ibroke*, and many such.

"The different reading *nor* in p. 2 is a sure mark of the North; it is never found in the South East about 1360, which I suppose is the date of the transcription."

[*Harl. MS.* 1701, *leaf* 84, *col.* 1.]

Here bygynnep[1] medytacyuns of pe soper of oure lorde Ihesu. And also of hys passyun. And eke of pe peynes of hys swete modyr, Mayden marye. pe whyche made yn latyn Bonauenture Cardynall. [leaf 84]

Alle myȝty god yn trynyte,
Now & euer wyþ vs be;
For þy sones passyun
Saue alle þys congregacyun;
And graunte vs grace of gode lyuyng
To wynne vs blysse wyþouten endyng.
Now euery man, yn hys degre,
Sey amen, amen, pur charyte.
Thou crysten creature, by goddes grace,
Opone þyn herte and hyde þy face;
For þou shalt chaunge þy chere a none,
Or elles þyn herte ys harder þan stone.
Y wyl þe lere a medytacyun
Compyled of crystys passyun;
And of hys modyr, þat ys[2] dere,
What peynes þey suffred þou mayst lere.
Take hede, for y wyl no þyng seye
But þat ys preued by crystes feye,
By holy wryt, or seyntes sermons,
Or by dyuers holy opynyons.

God be with us,
and grant us bliss.
Christian, open thy heart.
I will teach thee a meditation of the Passion.
May be proved by Holy Writ or Saints' sermons.

[1] bygynneu. [2] ys so

No fiend will annoy thee. [leaf 84, col. 2]

Whan þou þenkest þys yn þy þo3t
Thyr may no fende noye þe *with* no3t.[1]

Now of þe soper of oure lorde Ihesu.

God sent His Son to save mankind.

Comyng þe tyme of grete mercy,
Whan god sent hys sone down[2] fro[3] hy,
Of a mayden he wulde be bore,
To saue mankynde þat was forlore.

He would not "buy" us with silver and gold, but with His blood.

But no*þer with* corupt syluer ne[4] golde;
But wyþ hys blode, by[5] vs he wulde.

He made a Supper for a memorial.

Whan tyme was come to suffre þys
A soper he made to hys dycyplys;
Are he were ded and shuld fro[6] hem wende,
A memorand þyng to haue yn mynde.

This Supper was real.

þys soper was real as þou mayst here,
Foure real þynges cryst made þere.

Think upon it, and God will not let thee go fasting.

3yf þou þenke weyl on þys fedyng,
God wyl nat late þe passe fastyng.

Four things to be had in mind.

Foure þynges þou most haue yn þy þo3t,
þat yn þys soper cryst haþ wro3t:

First, a bodily feeding.
Second, the feet washing.
Third, Himself in Bread.
Fourth, a Sermon.

þe fyrst ys a bodly[7] fedyng,
þe secu*n*de ys [8]hys dycyples fete[8] wasshyng,
þe þred yn brede hy*m* self takyng,
þe fourþe a sermou*n* of feyre makyng.

The first "point."

The fyrst poynt of þe soper.

Now to þe fyrst:—take gode entent

He sent Peter and John to prepare the Supper. [leaf 84, back]

How petyr and iohn*e* from hy*m* he sent,
Yn to þe mou*n*te of syon,
To greyþe hys paske a3ens ne com.

On Thursday night He came with His disciples.

And on a þursday þedyr he ly3t
Wyþ hys dycyplys a3ens ny3t.

The Supper was prepared by the 72 disciples.

þe soper was dy3t, as y herd sey,

[1] ogh*t* [2] down *comes after* sent *in* B. [3] fro*m* [4] nor [5] bie [6] fro*m* [7] bodyly [8] *om.*

By dyscyplys seuenty and twey;
Seynt Martyals legende wytnesseþ ryȝt,
With hem he was þe soper to dyȝt.
Whan þe soper was made redy,
Cryst sette hym down, and þey hym by;
Iohne þe euangelyst sate hym nexte,
Al þogh he were of age ȝungeste;
To hym was none of hem echone
So trusty and so trewe as was Iohne:
For fere wulde he nat fle hym fro,
Tyl he was ded and byryed also.
Byholde now, man, and þou shalt se
How euery man sate yn hys degre.
Here table was brode and foure square,
The maner of þat[1] cuntre was swych þare;
On euery syde sate of hem þre,
And cryst yn a corner mekely to se:
So þat here by þou mayst lere
Þat of o dysshe þey etyn yn fere,
Þarfore þe myȝt nat vndyrstonde
Whan cryst seyd, "he þat hys honde
Yn my dysshe putteþ furþ ryȝt,
He shal betraye me þys nyȝt."
Thys table at rome men haue seyn,
Yn seynt Iohne chyrche þe latereyn.
A nouþer maner mayst þou vndyrstande,
Þat þey stonde with staues yn honde,
Etyng faste, and stondyng stylle,
Moyses lawe to fulfylle.
Cryst lete hem sytte, so semeþ best,
For elles ne had Ione slept one hys brest.
When graces were seyd, and alle men sette,
Here paske lombe rosted furþe was fette.
Thys lomb toke vp[2] cryst Ihesus,
A verry lombe slayn for vs,

S. Martial's legend.
When supper was ready, Christ sat down;
John sat next to Him.
None so true as John.
He would not flee till Christ was buried.
The table was four-square.
Three sat on each side and Christ in a corner.
Hereby thou mayest learn how they could eat out of one dish.
This table men have seen at Rome. [See *Stacions of Rome*, ed. Furnivall.]
They eat standing to fulfil Moses' Law,
but Christ lets them sit.
"Graces" said,

[leaf 84, back, col. 2]

[1] *om.* [2] *vp* written over the line in MS.

Christ cuts the lamb into small gobbets. As a servant He sits with them.

Alle yn smale gobettes he hyt kytte;
For vs as a seruaun*t* wyþ hem[1] he sytte,
With hem he[2] ete ryȝt *with* glad chere,
And cunforted hem to ete yn fere,

But they are afraid.

But eu*er* þey dredde to ete gladlygh̄,
For sum sorowe semed hem nygh̄.
Whyles þey ete on þys manere,

Christ says, "I have desired to eat this Passover with you.

Cryst seyd þese wurdes dere:—
"Long haue y desyred *with* ȝow, y seye,
Þys paske to ete ar þat y deye:
Forsoþe, þe soþe [3]to ȝow y[3] seye,

One of you shall betray Me."

One of ȝow shal me betraye."
Byholde now, man, what sorowe and wo
Þe dycyplys toke[4] to hem þo;

This word pierces their hearts.

Þys voys as a swerd here hertes p*er*sed,
And to ete anone þey seced.

Each looks on other, and asks, "Lord, is it I?"

Eche loked on ouþ*er* *with* grysly ye,[5]
And seyd, "lorde whoþ*er* hyt be y[6]?"

Judas goes on eating.

Þe treytur ete faste, and wulde nat blyn,
As þogh̄ þe[7] tresun come nat by hym.

John asks privily who should betray Him.

Pryuyly þan Ion to cryst gan prey,
And seyd, "lorde, who shal þe betrey?"
For specyal loue cryst hyt hym tolde,
"Iudas skaryot," he seyd, "beholde."
Þan Iohne þoȝte hys herte wulde breste,

John lays his head on Christ's breast.

And leyd hys hede[8] on crystys breste.
Ful mekely cryste lete hym lye stylle,
And suffred hym do alle hys wylle.

Christ did not tell Peter.

Why cryst wulde nat to petyr telle,
Yn austyns sermoun þou mayst hyt spelle;[9]
ȝyf cryst þys treytur hym had tolde,
With nayles and teþ rent hym þey[10] wulde.

What meekness to hold His disciple on His breast!

Byholde what mekenes yn hym reste,
To holde hys dycyple so on hys brest.

[1] hem [2] *hem he* written over in MS. [3–3] I. wil ȝow [4] token [5] ie [6] I [7] þat [8] heuede [9] Homily on the Gospel for S. John's Day. [10] he

A! how tendyrly þey loued yn fere,
Y[1] wys to loue, here mayst þou lere.
þenk, man, also a ruly þo3t,
What s[orow]e[2] hys dyscyplys ben yn bro3t. [leaf 85]
At cry[stys][3] wurde, beholde, a none
þey etyn no more but madyn here mone; The disciples cannot eat;
Eche of hem loked vp-on[4] ou*þer*,
But cunseyl coude none take of ou*þer*. they know not what to counsel.
Be*þ*enke, and holde þys weyl[5] yn þy mende,
How þys soper ys bro3t now to an ende.

The secunde poynt of the soper.

The secunde poynt, be*þ*enke þe weyl,[6] The second point teaches meekness.
For grete mekenes hyt wyl þe spelle.
Whan þe soper was do, cryst ros anone, Supper is done;
And w*ith* hym þey ryse[7] vp eu*e*rychone; they go into a lower room.
To a log*h*er place þey gu*n*ne þan to go,
þey þat þe hous haue sey seyn[8] ry3t so.
He made hem sytte downe yn þat stede; Christ makes them sit.
Beholde, and[9] þenke weyl on crystys dede;
Hys clo*þ*es he cast of swy*þ*e sone,
Hys dycyplys wundred what he wulde done;
With a towel hym self he gert, He girds himself with a towel.
Watyr he badde brynge fur*þ*e smert,
He hyt yn a stonen bacyn put,
To wasshe here fete greued hym nat.[10] He washes their feet.
Petyr refused al þat seruyse; Peter refuses.
Cryst bad hym suffre on alle wyse.
Beholde now, man, eche doyng,
And þenke þys mekenes w*ith* grete wundryng, Think on the meekness of Christ.
That þe hygh̄ mageste and my3tyest eke,
Bowe*þ* hym downe to a fysshers fete.
He stode krokyng,[11] on knees knelyng,
Afore hys cretures fete syttyng.

[1] I. [2] Illegible in MS., but *sorowe* in B. [3] Illegible in MS.
[4] fast vppon [5] *e* in *weyl* written over in MS. weil in B.
[6] welle [7] rese [8] seie, seiin [9] now *and* [10] not [11] croked

Wyþ hys handys hys[1] fete he wassheþ,
He wypeþ he cleppeþ,[2] and swetly[3] kysseþ.
Of a more mekenes ȝyt mayst þou gryse,
þat he to hys treytur [4]dyd þe same wyse.[4]
O Iudas, sore a shamed þou be may,
So meke and so[5] myþe[6] a mayster to tray;
þyn herte ys harder þan any hardnesse,
Aȝens swyche mekenes deþ for to dresse.
[leaf 85, col. 2] Whan cryst þys seruyse had alle ydone,
To þe sopyng[7] place aȝen þan þey come.
By þys ensample, and many ouþer,
He conforted[8] hem to do to[9] here broþer.
Man, here beþenke, yn eche degre,
How feyre ensample cryst shewed to þe;
Ensample of mekenes to þe he lete,
Whan he wysshe hys dyscyplys fete;
A grete ensample of mekenes[10] loke,
Whan he hys flesshe to þy fode toke.
A feyre monasshyng hys sermoun shewed,
þat þe lered men shulde teche þe lewed.
Pacyens he suffred,[11] hys treytur suffryng
So shamely to þe deþ, as a þef hym bryng;
Yn goyng to þe deþ, he shewed obedyens
Yn fulfyllyng[12] hys faders comoundemens.
Stedfastly for to prey here mayst þou lere,
For he preyd fyrst þryys ar hys fadyr wulde here.
By þese vertues folue hym, y[13] rede,
And yn to hys blys þey wyl þe lede.

A greater meekness yet: He does the same to Judas.

They return to the place of supper.

Think of the ensamples of meekness which Christ showed.

The learned should teach the "lewed."

Learn to pray,

for He prayed thrice ere He was heard.

The prydde poynt of þe soper.

The third point

The þryd poynt, man, haue yn mynde,[14]
How derwurly,[15] afore hys ende,

[1] So in MS.; here in B. [2] clippeþ [3] sweteli hem [4—4] dede þis seruise [5] so written over in MS. [6] miþi [7] soupinge [8] cumfortede [9] to do to [10] charite [11] shewed [12] fulli-fillinge [13] I [14] mende [15] derwrþli

A derwurþ 3yfte he wulde *with* þe lete,
Hym self al hole vn to þy mete.
Whan he hadde wasshe here al *þer*[1] fete,
And seten a3en þere as þey ete,
A newe testament he gan sone,
þe olde sacryfyce to fordone;
A new sacryfyce hym self he fonde,
And toke vp brede yn hys holy honde,
And to hys fadyr lyfte vpp hys ye,
He blessed and made hys precyus body;
To hys dycyplys he hyt 3aue, and seyd,
"þys ys my body for 3ow betrayed."
Also of the chalys drynke he hem bad,
"þys ys my blode þat shal be shad."
Yn a memorand of hy*m* *with* outyn ende,
He seyd, "makeþ þys yn my mende."
Beholde, how trewly and how deuoutly
He comu*n*de and conforted þat blessed meyny.
þys mete shulde, most of any þyng,
Glade þy soule yn eue*ry* werchyng;
þyn herte shulde brenne for grete loue,
Whan þou hyt[2] takest to þy[3] behoue;
No þyng more p*ro*fytable, ne more chere,
þan hym self [4]ne my3t he[4] leue here.
þat sacrament, þat þou seest þe before,
Wundyrfully of a mayden was bore,
Fro heuene he ly3te for þe to deye,
He ros fro deþ to heuene to stye;
On goddys ry3t honde he ys syttyng;
He made heuene and erthe and alle þyng;
He gou*er*neþ alle þyng swetly and best,
He þat þou seest yn þe prestes fest,
Yn whos powere onely hyt ys
To 3yue[5] þe blys,[6] or endeles blys;

Is the gift of Himself.

When He had sat down again,

He took bread,

and gave it to His disciples, and said,

"This is my Body." Also the chalice, saying, "This is my Blood."

[leaf 85, back]

This meat shall gladden thy soul.

The Sacrament was born of a maiden.

Came down from heaven.

Rose from death, and is now at God's right hand.

He that thou seest in the priest's hand,

[1] þer [2] hi*m* [3] þin [4]–[4] he ne mighte
[5] 3eue [6] So in MS., but *pine* in B.

in the form of bread, is God's Son.

He þat þou seest, yn forme of brede,
Hyt ys goddys sone, quyk and[1] dede.
With clene herte þou hym receyue,
For elles þy soule þou wylt deceyue.

The fourth point.

The fourþe poynt of þe soper.

The fourþe [poi*n*t[2]] beholde and here,
A louesu*m* lessu*n* þou mayst lere.
Whan cryst hadde fed hem eu*er*ychone.

Christ began a sermon,

A feyre sermou*n* he began a none,
Ful of swetnes and ful of loue,
Ful of cumfort to our*e* behoue;

of which I take five parts.

Of whych wurdys su*m* mende to make,
Fyue pryncypals y þenke to take.

1st. He told them of His parting from them.

¶ The fyrst he tolde of hys partyng
And cumforted hem ful feyre, seyyng,
"3yt a whyle y am w*ith* 3ow now,
But faderles y wyl nat leue 3ow;
Y go and come to 3ow a3en,
Forsoþe eftsones y wyl 3ow sen;

[leaf 85, back, col. 2]

þan 3our*e* hertys ioye shul make,
þat ioye shal no man fro 3ow take."

His words cut them to the heart.

Lyke to þese mo gan he moue,
þat kytte here hertys for grete loue.

2nd. He commanded them to love one another.

¶ In þe secunde þou mayst se
How he enformed hem yn charyte;
Ofte he reherced þese wurdes dere,
"Thys y 3ow hote, þat 3e loue yn fere;
3yf 3e loue alle men shul knowe þys,
þat 3e be my dere dyscyplys."
þus hertly of charyte hē tagħ hem well,
As þou shalt fynde yn Iones gospel.

3rd. He admonished them to keep His commandments.

¶ The þrydde he tagħ hem by monasshyng
For to kepe hys comandyng:

[1] So in MS., but *nat* in B. [2] Not in MS., but in B.

"Kepeþ my comandementys, 3yf 3e me loue,
3if 3e he*m* kepe, 3e dwelle in loue."[1] 248
¶ The fourþe, he warned hem feyþfullye, 4th. He warned them of the sufferings they should undergo.
What þey shulde suffre are þey shuld dye:
"3e shul here haue sorowes some,
But truly y haue þys worlde ou*er*come, 252
And 3yf þe worlde 3ow hate now,
Weteþ þat he me hated ar 3ow;
3e shul be sorowful, þe wurlde shal ioye,
But 3oure sorow shal turne to ioye." 256
¶ The fyueþe, beþenke how cryst Ihesus 5th. He prayed to His Father
To hys fadyr turned and preyd for vs.
"Fadyr, kepe hem whyche þou 3aue me,
For whyle y was *with* hem y kepte he*m* to þe; 260
Now, holy fadyr, to þe y come,
For hem y pray, and nat for þys wone; for them and for all men.
And nat onely for hem, but for alle men
þat shul byleue yn me by hem. 264
Fadyr, y wyl where þat y be "Father, I will that where I am they may be with me."
þey be *with* me, my blysse to se."
þese wurdys, and ouþ*er* þat hem[2] tolde,
Kytte here hertys and made hem colde. 268
Beholde now þe dyscyplys yn here mornyng,[3] The disciples all stand sighing.
How þey stonde alle heuy here hedys bowyng,
Mornyng,[3] sorowyng, and ofte sygh̄yng,
þat cryst wytnessed to hem seyyng, 272 [leaf 86]
"For y þese wurdes to 3ow haue seyd,
Sorwe 3oure hertes haþ alle be leyd."
Byholde how homely Ion lyþ slepyng Behold how "homely" John lies on Christ's breast!
On crystys brest, as hys derlyng. 276
þys sermou*n* at crystys[4] brest slepyng he soke,
And toke hyt to vs yn holy boke,
Among al ou*er* as cryst tagh̄ hem.
He seyd, "aryseþ and go we hen." 280 Christ says, "Arise, go we hence."

[1] Line 248 is supplied from B. [2] he he*m* in B.
[3] moreni*nge* [4] his. *crystys* written over in MS.

A! what drede went yn hem þo,
þey wyst nat whedyr for to go,
For þey went, as y shal sey;
Cryst endyd hys sermoun by þe wey.

As they go the disciples are like chickens creeping under the hen's wing.

Behold þe dyscyplys, yn here wendyng,
As chekenes[1] crepyn vndyr þe dame wyng;
Some go byfore, and some go behynde,
Hys blessed wurdes to haue yn mynde;
One þrest on hym, eftsones anoþer,
þat meke mayster ys neuer þe wroþer.

They go over the brook Cedron,

Fast þey went, and come a none,
Ouer a broke men callen Cedron.

where Judas awaits them.

Hys treytur he abode þere tyl he come,
And ouþer armed men, a grete summe.
Now foleweþ, yn þys medytacyun,
To trete of crystys passyun.

Here begynneþ þe passyun.

Prepare your heart to bleed!

Now crystyn creature, take goode hede,
And do þyn herte for pyte to blede;
Loþe þou nat hys sorowes to se,
þe whych hym loþed nat to suffre for þe.

What pains He suffers!

Beholde and þenke with ruly mone
What peynes he suffred ar morowe none;
Beholde hym yn an orcherd syttyng,
Hys treytur þere mekely abydyng;

He bids His disciples watch,

He byt hys dyscyplys pray and wake,
þat none temptacyun 3ow ouertake;

and goes from them a stone's cast,

A stones kast þan from hem he went,
And to hys dere fadyr hys knees he bent.

[leaf 86, col. 2]

and prays,

Now þenke how mekely and how reuerently,
To hys swete fadyr he preyeþ an[2] hy:—

"My Father, hear my prayer and despise it not.

"My wurschypful fadyr, y pray to þe,
Bowe þyn eres and lestene to me,

[1] The second *e* written over in MS. [2] on

Here my bone and dyspyse hyt noȝt,
For sorowe my soule haþ ȝow soȝt;
My spyryt ys anguyssed ful sore yn me,
Myn herte ys dysturbled, fadyr, now se;
Þou sentest me hedyr, as þy wyl ys,
To bye mankynde aȝen to blys;
To do þy wyl, y seyd y go;
Yn þe bokes hede hyt ys wryte so;
Here haue y be and preched þyn helþe,
Yn pouert, yn trauayle & noþyng yn welþe:
Fadyr, þyn hestes y haue fulfylt,
And more y wyl, ȝyf þou wylt;
Þou seest what sorowe ys to me dyȝt,
Of my foos aȝens alle ryȝt,
ȝyf any wykkednes ys yn me founde,
Or euyl for euyl haue ȝyue[1] astounde,
Þan were y wurþy þese peynes to fong;
But, fadyr, þou wost weyl þey do me wrong;
Euyl for gode þey haue me ȝoue,
And also grete hate for my loue.
My dyscyple, whych y haue chersed,[2]
Me to betraye hym haue þey hyred;
At þrytty pens my mede ys take,
Þey haue me preysed my wo to awake;
My swete fadyr, y prey to þe,
Ryse vp redyly yn helpe of me,
For þogh þey wyte[3] nat þat y am þy sone,
ȝyt, by cause þat y here wone,
Lyuyng with hem Innocent lyfe,
Þey shulde nat shape me so grete stryfe.
Þenk[4] þat y stode afore þy syȝt,
To speke for hem boþe gode and ryȝt,
To turne a waye [5]from hem, fadyr,[5] þy mode,[6]
But whe*þer* nat euyl be ȝulde for gode;

My spirit is anguished.
Thou sentest me.
I said, To do Thy will, I go.
Here have I preached Thine health.
I have fulfilled Thine 'hests.'
Thou seest my sorrow.
If any wickedness is found in me, then am I worthy of these pains.
Father, Thou knowest they wrong me,
and give me hate for love.
They have hired my disciple to betray me.
My Father, rise up to help me.
They know not that I am Thy Son.
Think that I stand before Thee
to turn away Thy wrath from them.

[1] ȝulde [2] chershed [3] wete [4] Th*enke* fader
[5—5] fader fr*om* h*em* [6] *mraþþe* written over *mode* in B.

[leaf 85, back]

For þey to my soule deluyn a lake,
A vyleynys deþ to me þey shape;
Dear Father, let this death go from me;
Wharfore, dere fadyr, ȝyf hyt mow be,
Y prey þat þys deþ mow go fro me;
if not, Thy will be done.
ȝyf þou se hyt be nat so best,
þy wyl be ydo, ryȝt as þou lest.
I commend myself unto Thee."
But, fadyr, myn herte y betake þe,
Kepe hyt and strenþe hyt how so hyt be."
To hys dyscyplys hys wey[1] þan he toke,
He finds His disciples sleeping.
He fond hem slepyng and hem sone awoke:[2]
Here yen[3] were slepy and heuy as clay,
He bad hem algates wake and pray.
He prays twice, thrice, the same orison.
Aȝen to pray he toke hys pas,
Twyys, þryys, yn dyuers place.
þe same orysun þat he preyd byfore,
He preyd now and ded to more:
"Father, I am here to do Thy will.
"Fadyr, ȝyf þys deþ mow nat fro me go,
Y am here, þy wyl be algates do.
I commend my mother and brethren unto Thee."
My swete modyr, fadyr, y þe betake,
My breþren also, kepe hem fro wrake;
Y kepte hem þyrwhylys y[4] was with hem,
My derwurþe fadyr, now kepe þou þem."
þus long he preyd tyl þat he wax hote,
For anguish His blood ran down as sweat.
For anguys hys blode ran down ryȝt as swote.
Man, take ensample here at goddes sone,
Whan þou shalt pray of god any bone,
Prey so stedfastly tyl þat þou be herde,
For cryst preyd þryes ar þat he were herd.
While He prayed
Whyles he þus preyd yn grete dolour
S. Michael came and said,
Seynt myghel lyȝt a down fro heuene toure,
And hym cumforted and seyd þus:
"All hail! Thy prayer and bloody sweat I have offered to thy Father."
"Alheyl, my lorde, cryst Iheȝus!
þy preyer and þy swote blody
Y haue offred to þy fadyr an hy,
Yn syȝte of alle þe courte of heuene;

[1] wei [2] he woke [3] eien [4] þat L.

For 3ow we preyd alle *with* o steuene,
þat he shuld nat suffre þe dey[1] þus;
þy fadyr, by resu*n*, answered vs,
'My derwurþe sone wote þys ful weyl,
þat ma*n*nes soule, þat lyþ yn helle,
May nat semely to blys be bro3t,
But þey *with* hys blode be fyrst oute bo3t.
þarfore, 3yf my sone wyl soules saue,
Nedes he mote for hem þe deþ haue.'"
þan cryst answered, *with* mylde state:
"Soules saluatyu*n* y wyl algate,
þarfore to dey ra*þer* y chese,
þan we þe soules yn helle shulde lese,
þe whych my fadyr formed to hys lykenes:
Hys wyl be ydo, y wyll no lesse."
þan seyd þe au*n*gel to hy*m* an hy:
"Cu*m*forte þe weyl and do manly;
Hyt ys semely to hym þat ys hyghest,
Grete þynges to do, and suffre mest;
þy pyne shal sone be ou*er*paste,
And ioye shal sewe eu*er* for to last;
þy fadyr seyþ eu*er* *with* þe he ys,
þy modyr he kepeþ and þy dyscyplys."
Cryst bade þe au*n*gel, "go, grete þou[2] me
To my fadyr dere an hy yn hys cyte."
Beholde now, how mekely þys cu*m*forte he toke
Of hys owne creature, as seyþ þe boke,
A lytyl from au*n*gels he ys made lesse,
Whyl he ys yn þys valey of dyrknes;
þys wo he suffred yn hys manhede,
But god suffred naght[3] yn hys god hede.
þe þryd tyme he ros from hys preyour
All be sprunge *with* blody coloure;
Beholde hym auysyly, þan shalt þou se
With oute grete dolour þys may nat be.

384 He answered,
[leaf 86, back, col. 2]
"My Son knows if He will save souls He
388 must die."
392 Christ said,
"I choose death:
396 His will be done."
The Angel said,
"Comfort thyself and do manly.
400
404 Thy Father is ever with Thee."
408
He was made little less than the angels.
He suffered in His manhood,
412 not in His Godhead.
416

[1] deie [2] þou written over in MS. [3] noght

He returns to His disciples.
To hys dyscyplys went he, and seyd,
"He cumþ ny þat haþ me betrayd."

Judas comes, and says,
Anone come Iudas, *with* hys cumpanye,
Cryst went aȝens hym ful myldely:

"Hail, Master!"
"Heyl, mayster!" he seyd, and to hy*m* sterte,
He kessed hys mouþe *with* tresu*n* yn herte.

[leaf 87]
They all fall upon Him.
þo fyl vpp on hym alle þe touþ*er* route,
For erst of knowlechyng þey were yn doute.
þe cursed hou*n*des ru*n*ne hym aboute,
And drowe hym furþe, now yn, now oute;

Some bind, some blind, some spit upon, some buffet, some scorn Him.
Su*m* bynte hy*m*, su*m* bly*n*dyþ hy*m*, & su*m* on hy*m* spyt,
Su*m* boffeteþ hy*m*, and su*m* seyþ, "telle who þe smyt;"
Su*m* scorneþ hy*m*, and su*m* syngeþ of hy*m* a song,
Some axen questyons, to[1] do hym wrong;

He says nothing.
But to hem no þyng answere he wulde.
Werse þo þan a fole of hem [2]he ys[2] holde,

"Where is Thy wisdom?"
Some seyd, "where ys now all þy wysdom?
þou held þe wyser þan any ouþ*er* man;
Of oure patryarkes & prestes þou haddest despyte,

"Thou shalt die."
þarefor [3]þou shalt[3] haue of vs þe deþ astyte;

"If Thou art God's Son, help Thyself."
Thou seyst þat þou art goddes sone,
Helpe þy self[4] ȝyf þou kone."

Some seek false witness.
Su*m* seke aȝens hym fals wytnes,
Su*m* seyn on hym vnsekernes,
Some tugge,[5] su*m* drawe[6] fro ce to ce,[7]

Ah, how may this be!
A! lorde Ihesu, how may þys be?
þyrwhylys he suffred þys[8] sorow & wo,

The disciples run away.
Hys dyscyplys ru*n*ne awey hym fro.
To maudelens hous Ion went ful ryȝt,
þere as þe soper was made þeke nyȝt;

John tells Our Lady of her Son's punishment.
Oure lady he tolde and here felawshepe
Of here dere sonys shenshepe.
þenk, man, of þe dyscyplys doyng!

[1] for to. *to* written over in MS. [2–2] is he [3–3] shalt þou [4] þeself now [5] tugge hi*m* [6] drawe hi*m* [7] *place* written over *ce to ce* in MS. [8] *om.*

Þey wepe, þey weyle, here handys þey wryng,
Here mayster ys take, þat shulde hem kepe;
Þey renne aboute as herdles shepe.
Oure lady wente here seluyn alone,
To þe fadyr of heuene she made þys mone:—
"My wurschypfullest fadyr, and moste meke,
Moste mercyable, and most helpyng eke,
My swete sone y ȝow betake!
Derwurþe fadyr, kepeþ hym fro wrake,
Beþ nat cruel to my dere chylde,
For to alle men ȝe are ful mylde.
Fadyr, shal my chylde be dede, Ihesus,
What haþ he mysdo to dey þus?
But, fadyr, ȝyf ȝe wyl mankynde
Be boȝt to blys withoutyn ende,
Y prey outher wyse doþ bye[1] hem now,
For al þyng ys posyble to ȝow.
Lateþ nat, fadyr, my sone dede be;
Y pray ȝow ȝeldeþ hym aȝen to me;
He ys so buxum to do ȝoure wyl,
Þat he nat chargeþ hym self to spyl.
Helpeþ my sone fro cursed houndes;
Dere fadyr, bryngeþ hym out from here hondes."
Þenke, man, now & rewe on here syghyng,
For þys preyd she with watyr wepyng.

452 She goes alone to pray.

456 "My Father, my sweet Son I commend to Thee.

460 Keep Him from 'wrack.'

464 [leaf 87, col. 2] Shall He die? Father, if Thou wilt save mankind,

468 do it in some other manner. Let not my Son die.

472 Help Him from cursed hounds."

The medytacyun of pe oure of pryme.

On a colde mornyng, at pryme of daye,
The prestes and prynces gun[2] hem araye;
Both bollers of wyne and eche agadlyng
Come oute for to se of Ihesus endyng.
Þey shokyn hym [3]oute þan[3] of hys cloþyng,
And bonden hys handys fast hym behynd,
As a þefe among hem[4] led furþe he was,
Now to pylat, now to eroud, now to kayphas.

476 The priests prepare themselves. Drunkards come to see Jesus. They strip Him, lead Him to Pilate, thence to Herod and Caiaphas.

[1] bie [2] gunne [3–3] þan out [4] *hem* written over in MS.

þey cryde, "þou þefe, come to þy dome!"
And he, as a meke lambe, aftyr hem come.

His Mother goes to meet Him.
Hys modyr, Ion, and[1] ouþer kyn,
Wente by a bypaþ to mete with hym.
When þey hym saye so shamely ylad,
No tunge may telle what sorowe þey had.

She swoons in the field.
þenke, whan hys modyr fyrst hym bỳhelde,
Aswo[2] she fyl down yn þe felde:
þan cryst was turmented yn moste kare,
Whan he say hys modyr so pytusly fare.

He is falsely accused.
Beholde to pylat he ys furþe drawe,
Falsly acused aȝens here lawe:

Pilate sends Him to Herod.
Pylat sent hym to eroude þe kyng,
And eroude þe kyng was glad of hys comyng;
A myracle he coueyted of hym for to se,

[leaf 87, back]
But noþer myracle ne wurde hym shewe wulde he.
þan as a fole eroude hym hadde,

Herod clothes Him with a white cloth, and sends Him again to Pilate.
And with a whyte cloþe y[3] skorne hym he clad,
And sente hym aȝen to syre pylate:
And þo was made frenshepe þar arst was debate.
Nat onely a mysdoer now [4]he ys[4] holde,
But as a lewed fole he ys eke tolde:
þey cryed on hym, as foules on owle,

With wet and dirt they defile Him.
With wete and eke dung þey hym defoule.
Hys modyr þat tyme folwed hym longe,
And wundred þat he wulde suffre swyche wrong.
þey broȝt hym to pylate, he stode ful feynt;
Boldely þe[5] howndes pursewed here pleynt.
Pylate þoȝt to delyuer hym,
For no cause of deþ he fonde yn hym:

"Scourge Him, and let Him go."
"Y wyl vndyr neme hym, he seyd þo,
Do scurge hym weyl, and so late hym go."

They bind Him to a pillar,
To a pylour fast þan þey hym bownde,
þey bette hym, & rent hym, wounde be[6] wounde.

[1] *and* his [2] Aswowe [3] *in* [4—4] is he
[5] þo [6] *om.*

Beholde now, man, a ruly[1] syȝt! A rueful sight.
Þy cumly kyng stant bou*n*de vpryȝt,
Alle forwou*n*ded for þe yn[2] mode;
Beholde how he wadeþ yn hys owne blode!
ȝyt þey bete hy*m* and leyn[3] on sore, They lay on until they are weary.
Tyl þey be wery and mow no more.
Þe pyler[4] þat þey hy*m* to bow[n]den[5] The pillar shows the blood now.
ȝyt shewe þ þe blode of hys wou*n*dyn.
A, lorde Ihe*s*u! how may þys be?
Ho was so hardy þat spoyled þe?
Ho more hardy þat þe bou*n*den?
Ho moste hardy þat þe wou*n*den?
Almyȝty god! where art þou now? Almighty God, where art Thou?
Þese hou*n*des seme myȝtyer þan þou!
But trewly, þou sone of ryȝtwysnes,
*With*drawest þy bemes ou*er* oure derkenes.
Whan þey hadde bete hym þus pytusly,
þey broȝt hy*m* to pylate, & cryed an[6] hy,
"Syre, þys fole kalleþ[7] hy*m* self a kyng! "This fool calleth Himself a king! [leaf 87, back, col. 2]
Cloþe we hy*m* þarfore yn kynges cloþyng." Clothe we Him in king's clothing!"
þenk þys was y do at þe oure of pryme:
þe dowyng of[8] þred now wyl y ryme.

The mcdytacyun of pe prcdde oure.

Wyþ purpyl þey cloþed hy*m* alle yn skorne, They clothe Him with purple.
And syþe*n* [9]krou*n*de hy*m* *with* a croune[9] of [þorne;
Yn hys hand a rede dyd þey take, In His hand they put a reed.
And manyone on hys hede þey brake;
þey sette hym opu*n*ly yn here seyng,
And knelyd, and seyd,[10] "heyl, syre kyng!" "Hail, Sir king!"
A Ihe*s*u! þy pacyens may nat be tolde.
þou angry man, þy sauyo*ur* here beholde;
For þe he suffred þys pyne, þys shame,
And for a[11] lytyl wurde þou wylt men grame.

[1] rewli [2] wiþ [3] leie*n* [4] peler [5] bownden [6] on
[7] kalled [8] of þe [9–9] corownde wiþ corowne: *cro*ū*ne* in MS.
[10] cride [11] o

Eftsones to pylate þey come cryyng,
And seyd, "syre, saue Cesar, we haue no kyng;
Who hym self a kyng wyl make
"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" By lawe þe deþ he most take." 552
Tho seyd pylat, "what wyl ȝe with hym?"
þey cryed, [1]"crucyfye, crucyfye[1] hym!"
Pylat þan dredde for þe peples voys,
Pilate condemns Him. And dampnede hys lorde to dye on þe croys. 556
Ha, fals Iustyce! where fynst þou þat resun,
So for to dampne an ynnocent man?[2]
Whan he was dampned on cros for to hong,
þe houndes wulde not tary hym long, 560
The hounds lead Him out at once. But anone from pylat þey led[3] hym oute,
And ioed[4] þat here malys was broȝt aboute.
A cross is fetched, A cros [5]was fet furþ,[5] boþe long and grete,
þe lengþe þerof was fyftene fete. 564
and put on His shoulders. Vp on hys shulder þys cros þey kast,
þat hys bak bent and wel ny to braste;
They hurry Him. þey punged hym furþe þurgh euery slogh̄,
As an hors ys prykked þat goþ yn[6] plogh̄. 568
Beholde now, man, with wepyng herte,
And late nat þy þoȝt lyȝtly a sterte.
Cryst goþ krokedly þys heuy cros vndyr,
And feyntly hyt bereþ, hyt ys no wundyr. 572
[leaf 88] þey hye hym, and ho goþ withoutyn any stryfe,
And bereþ hys owne deþ, and bereþ þy lyfe.
Yet more shame! Ȝyt hym ys shape more shame and shenshepe;
Thieves are his companions. þeuys be[7] broȝt to hym yn hys felawshepe! 576
Ȝyt more, for cryste bereþ hys owne, Iuwyse,
Y fynde nat þat þe þeues ded [8]þe same[8] wyse.
A, Ihesu! what shame þey do to ȝow here,
To make ȝow so vyleynsly[9] þese þeues fere. 580
The prophecy must needs be fulfilled. But nedys þe prophecye mot be fulfylled,

[1—1] crucifige, crucifige: in the MS. is a mark over the final *e* which may be a very small *g*—*crucyfyge*.
[2] moun [3] ledden [4] ioide [5—5] furþ was fet
[6] in þe [7] ben [8—8] on þat [9] vilensli

Þat seyd,[1] *with* wykked men he ys spylled. Isa. 53, 9.
Máry hys modyr folewed a ver, Mary follows,
She myȝt for pres come hym no ner;
A shorter wey for to chese þan bygan she,
To mete *with* here swete sone *with*oute the cyte;
And þo she say[2] hym þat grete tre bere,
Half dede she wax and swouned [3]ryȝt þare;[3] and swoons again
Ful feyne she wulde hys peynes alyþed;
She myȝt nat, so þese houndes hym hyed.
None of hem myȝt speke ouþer to,
For sorowe þat eche had of ouþer þo.
Furþe þey dryuen hym *with* hys berdoun, They drive Him till He faints.
Tyl he for feyntnesse fyl ny adoun.
For ouer long tyme þat cros he bare,
Þe place weyl shewyþ, who so haþ be þare.
Thos howndes were lothe hys deþ for to tarye,
Þey dredyn þat pylat hys dome wulde varye, They are afraid Pilate will change his mind.
For euer hyt semed by hys wylle,
Þat he was loþ Ihesu to spylle.
A man þey mette, and hym areyned, They meet a man and lay the cross on him.
To bere þe cros þey hym constreyned;
So furþe as a þefe, Ihesu þey nam,
Tyl þey to þe mounte of caluarye cam.

The medytacyun of[4] syxte oure of[5] none.

Thenk now, man, how hyt ys down Think,
Yn þe oure of[4] syxte of[5] none.
Beholde þe peynes of þy sauyour,
And crucyfye þyn herte *with* grete dolour. and crucify thine heart.
Whan he to caluarye mounte was broȝt,[6]
Beholde what werkmen þere wykkedly wroȝt: [leaf 88, col. 2]
Some dyggen, sum deluyn, sum erþe oute[7] kast,
Some pycchen þe cros yn þe erþe fast; They pitch the cross.
On euery syde sum laddres vpp sette, Ladders are set up.
Sum renne aftyr hamers, some nayles fette;

[1] seiþ [2] sagh [3—3] þere [4] of þe [5] and of [6] ibroght [7] vp

Some dyspoyle hym oute dyspetusly,
Hys clopys cleuyn on hys swete body;
His clothes are rent off. Þey rente hem of as þey were wode:
Hys body a3en ran alle on blode.
A! *with* what sorow hys modyr was fedde,
Whan she say[1] hym so naked and alle bled![2]
Fyrþer more, þan gan she to seche,
And say þat þey had left hym no breche.
She ran þan[3] þurgh hem, and hastyly hyde,
Mary wraps kerchiefs round Him. And *with* here kercheues hys hepys she wryde.
She wulde do[4] more, but she ne my3t,
For fersly here swete[5] sone ys from her ply3t.
They draw Him to the cross-foot. To þe cros fote þey drowe hym hyyng.
Se now þe maner of crucyfyyng.
Ladders are raised. Twey laddres ben sette þe cros behynde,
Twey enmyes on hem smartly gun glymbe,[6]
With hamers and nayles sharply whet:
A shorte[7] ladder before was fet.[8]
Þere as þe fete shorte[7] weren,
Beholde þys sy3te *with* ruly teren,
Christ goes up without urging, Cryst Ihesu hys body vpp stey,
By þat short ladder, þat cros an hy;
*With*oute 3enseyyng he gan vp wende,
And whan he com to þe laddres ende,
Toward þe cros hys bak he layde,
and extends His arms. And hys real armes oute he dysplayde;
Hys fayre handys oute he strey3te,
And to þe crucyfyers oute[9] he rey3te;
He lifts His eyes and says, And to hys fadyr he kast[10] hys yen,[11]
"Here am I, Father; And seyd, "here am y,[12] fadyr myn:
Vnto þys cros þou mekest me,
I offer myself for mankind: Me for mankynde y offre to þe;
My brebren and sustryn þou hast made hem;
[leaf 88, back] For my loue, fadyr, beþ[13] mercyable to hem;

[1] sagh [2] bebled [3] þo [4] ha do [5] *om.* [6] climbe
[7] shorter [8] So in MS; but *set* in B. [9] hem [10] caste
[11] ein [12] I. am [13] be

Alle olde synnes þou hem forȝyue, — be merciful unto them."
And graunte hem blys *with* vs for to lyue :
Derwurþe fadyr, saue alle mankynne,
Lo here y am offred for here synne."
Whyle he þus preyd[1] yn hys herte,
The too Iew a nayle yn hys hand gerte, — They nail Him to the cross.
þe touþer þey drowe tyl þe veynes braste,
And nayled þe touþer [2]hand *per* fyne[2] faste.
Anone þey com down *with* alle here gere,
And alle þe laddres þan remouede were.
Beholde, man, now a grete[3] angwys ! — Behold His anguish.
For by þe armes hys body alle hangys.
To hys fete anone þan þey straked,
þey haled hem harde, tyl þe cros kraked ;
Alle þe ioyntes þan brasten atwynne.
A, Ihesu ! why suffrest þou[4] þus for oure synne !
Hys fete þey nayled as tree to lede ;
þan myȝt [5]nat he[5] moue more but hys hede. — He can only move His head.
Beholde þese nayles beren alle hys lemes,
Loke, alle aboute hym renne blody stremes. — Bloody streams run all about Him.
He suffred sorowes byttyr and fele,
Mo þan any tunge may rede or telle.
Betwene þeues tweyn þey hange hym yn samen,
A, what wrong, what peyne, & also what shamen !
Some dyspyseþ hys lore, and seyþ,
"Fy ! þat goddes temple dystroyþ !" — "Fy, Thou that destroyest the Temple !
Sum seyþ, "saue þy selfe, ȝyf þou kunne ;[6]
Com adowne, ȝyf þou be goddes sone." — Come down, if Thou be God's Son."
Also þe Iewes, þat crucyfyed hym,
þe cloþes of hym þey parted[7] atwynne.
Sum seyd, "ouþer coude he weyl saue, — "He could save others,
But now hym owne self[8] may he nat saue." — Himself He cannot save."
þus whyl hys modyr þe cros stant nye,

[1] stilli preide [2—2] honde þere fin [3] *a grete a grete* in MS.
[4] þou [5—5] he nat [6] kone [7] parteden
[8] *hymownesclf* in MSS.

His mother stands near.

Ruly on here sone she kast here ye.[1]
A! here sorow, here angwys, here pyne,[2]
Y may sum þenk, but nat alle seyn;
Truly yn herte she ys crucyfyed,
[leaf 88, bk, col. 2] Ful feyn for sorow she wulde ha deyd.
Here sones peyne was eke moche þe more,
þat he here peynes say[3] be so sore;
He complains,
And to hys fadyr stylly he pleynes:
"Fadyr! seest þou nat my modyr peynes?
"Father, seest Thou not my Mother?
On þys cros she ys with me,
I should be crucified, not she."
Y shulde be crucyfyed, and nat she;
My crucyfyyng suffyseþ for alle mankynne,
For now y bere alle here synne;
Yn to þy kepyng y here betake,
Derwurþe fadyr, here peynes[4] þou slake."
Also she prayed,
Also she preyde, with byttyr wepyng,
"My Father, shall my dear Son die?"
And seyd, "my fadyr, euer lastyng,
Shal my dere sone deye algate?
Hym now for to saue me þenkeþ to late.
Se, fadyr, what angwys now yn hym ys,
Y prey þe sumdele hys peyne þou lys."
By her stand John, the three Maries, James, Magdalene, and Cleophas [*Salome* in Lat. orig.].
By here stant Iohne, and maryes þre,
Iacobe, maudeleyn, and cleophe.
Wundyr ys to telle what sorowe þey make,
For here swete mayster ys from hem take.

The medytacyun of the wurdys þat cryst spak hangyng vpp on þe cros.

Christ speaks seven words.

Thenk how[5] cryst, hongyng on þe cros,[6]
Seuene [wur]dys [seide[7]] with ful ruly voys.
þe fyrst wurde þat he þere hongyng seyd,
For hys crucyfyers mekely he preyd,
1. "Father, forgyue hem here synnes sone,

[1] eye [2] pein [3] sagh [4] peine [5] now how
[6] crois [7] not in MS.; *seide* in B.

For þey[1] wyte[2] nat wel what þey done." 712 they know not what they do."
Grete loue, grete pacyens, þys wurde shewyþ þe,
þat þou shust pray for hem þat þy foos be.
þe secunde wurde to hys modyr was mone:[3]
"Womman," he[4] seyd, "beholde þy sone." 716 2. "Woman, behold thy son."
To hys dyscyple he seyd a nouþer,
And seyd, "beholde þy modyr, broþer." "Behold thy mother, brother."
He wulde nat marye hys modyr clepe,
Lest for grete loue here herte wulde breke. 720
þe þred to þe þefe,—"forsoþe y seye þe,
To day yn blys þou shalt be *with* me."— [leaf 89]
þe fourþe he cryed wyþ voys an hy, 3. "To-day shalt thou be in bliss with me."
"Eli, Eli, lamaȝabatany!"[5] 724
þat ys, my god, my god, wharto 4. "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
Hast þou forsake me yn my wo!
As who seyþ, þou me forsakest,
And for þys wurlde to day me betakest. 728
þe fyþe[6] wurde he seyd, "y þryste:" 5. "I thirst."
þan þe hou*n*des wroȝtyn werste.
þey þoȝte to noye hym moste of alle,
And ȝaue hym to drynke aysel and galle. 732 They give Him gall.
He tastede su*m*dele hys þryst for to lyne:[7]
A! A! how strong was þat[8] pyne.
þogh̄ yt he expoũñed yn a sermou*n*,
þat he þrysted soulys saluacyu*n*, 736
ȝyt truly þe manhede þrysted on þe[9] rode,
For he was ful drye for faute of blode.
The syxte wurde anone he spellede,
And seyd, "alle þyng ys now fulfylled." 740 6. "All things are now fulfilled."
As who seyþ, fadyr, fulfylled y haue
Alle þyn hestys, þy soules to saue:
Y haue be skurged, scorned, dyffyed,
Wou*n*ded, angred, and crucyfyed; 744

[1] *þey* written over in MS. [2] wete [3] nome
[4] *he* written over in MS. [5] lama sabatani [6] fiffþe
[7] B has the gloss *slake*. [8] þa*n* his [9] *om*.

Fulfylled y haue þat wrytyn ys of me,
þarfore, dere fadyr, take[1] me to þe.
ȝyf þou wylt more, y wyl hyt fulfylle,
For here now y hange to do þy wylle.

His Father said, þan seyd hys fadyr, my derwurþe sone,
"Come to my bliss; Com to þy blys þere euer to wone;
Alle þyng fulweyl þou hast fulfylled,
I will no more; Y wyl no more þat þou be þus spylled,
souls thou hast brought from bond; For soules þou haste[2] broȝt oute of bonde,
come, sit on my right hand." Come sone and sytte on my ryȝt honde.
Anone he traueyled as men done þat dyen,
Now shyttyng,[3] now kastyng vpward, hys yen,
þrowyng hys hede,[4] now here, now þore,
For bodely strengþe haþ he no more;
þe seuenþe wurde ful loude þan he spake:

[leaf 89, col. 2] "Fadyr, yn þyn handys my spyryt y betake."
7. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." He ȝelde vp hys goste, hys fadyr þankyng,
Toward hys brest hys hede[4] hangyng.
þan to þat crye Centuryo turned sone,
And seyde, "forsoþe þys was goddys sone."
For wyþ þat grete crye þe goste gan furþe go:
Ouþer men[5] whan þey deye do nat so.

This cry is heard in hell by those þat crye was so grete, as y þe telle,
þat hyt was weyl herde downe yn to helle.
þenk now, man, what ioye þere ys
Whan soules ben broȝt from pyne to blys.
A! how long þey haue þere lyne,
who there wait for their Saviour. To abyde here sauyour yn many a pyne;[6]
þey cleped, and cryed, "com goddes sone,
How long shul.we yn þys wo wone?"
Here endeþ now crystys passyun,
Fulfylled yn þe oure of syxte and none.

[1] *t* not quite clear in MS.: *kal* in B.
[2] *haste* written over in MS. [3] shettinge [4] heued
[5] *men* follows *deye* in B. [6] *apyne* in MS.

The medytacyun of pe sorowe pat oure Lady had for pe wunde yn here sone[1] syde.

Now gyn we a medytacyun
Of a swete lamentacyun,
Þat mary, modyr meke and mylde,
Made for here derwurþe chylde.
Grete peynes she suffred here byfore,
But now she suffreþ moche more;
For whan she say[2] hym drawe to ende,
Y leue she wax oute of here mynde;
She swouned, she pyned, she wax half dede,
She fylle to þe grounde, and bette here hede.
Þo Ion ran to here, and here vpbreyde.
Whan she myȝt speke, þese wurdes she seyd:
"A, my sone! my socour! now wo ys me:
Ho shal graunte me to deye wyþ þe?
Þou wrecched deþ, to me þou come,
And do þe modyr dye *with* þe sone;
Aboue alle þyng y desyre þe:
Com deþ, and to my sone þou brynge me.
My fadyr, my former, my mayster, my make,
Why, swete sone, hast þou me forsake?
Þenk how we loued and leued to gedyr,
And late vs now, dere sone, deye togedyr.
Y may nat lyue here *with*oute þe,
For alle my fode was þe to se.
A sone! where ys now alle my ioyyng,
Þat y hadde yn þy furþe beryng?
Y wys þat ioye ys turned to wo:
Symeon seyd soþ hyt shulde be so.
He seyd a swerd my soule shulde perce;
Sertes,[3] swete sone, þys y[4] reherce."

A lamentation that Mary made.

She suffered great paine.

She swooned.

She cried,

"Woe is me!

Come death.

[leaf 89, back] Why, sweet Son, hast thou forsaken me?

I cannot live without Thee.

The joy I had at Thy birth is turned to woe."

[1] sones [2] sagh [3] Certes [4] mai I.

Þan gan here felawshepe here sorowys[1] to aslake,[2]
And softly and myldely aȝen she þo spake:
"Now ȝe gode wymmen, seeþ, *with* ȝoure yen,
ȝyf þyr be any sorowe lyke vnto myn:
My sone ys slawe here afore myn ye,
þe whyche y bare wenles[3] of my body.
þere was neuer womman bare swyche a chylde,
So gode, so gracyus, so meke and so mylde;
Y feled no sorow yn hys beryng,
Nedys þan mote[4] yn hys deyyng.
Myn owne gete[5] ys fro me take,
What wundyr ys þan þoȝ y wo make?"
Whyles she sate yn here lamentacyun,
A cumpany armed she say[6] fast come;
þe whych ware sent yn a grete reke,[7]
þe dampned mennes legges to breke;
To sley hem and kast here bodyes away,
þat none shulde se hem hange yn þe halyday.
A, mary, modyr, þy wo wexyþ newe!
Se, man, here martyrdom, and þeron rewe.
For so oft she was martyred to day,
As ofte as here sone turmented she say.
She seyd, "my sone, what wul[8] þey more do,
Haue þey nat crucyfyed and slayn þe þerto?
Y wende þey had be all ful of þe.
Now derwurþe sone, haue reuþe on me.
Sone, y may helpe þe yn no degre,
But ȝyt wyl y do þat ys yn me."
To þe cros foote hastly she ran,
And clypped þe cros faste yn here arme,
And seyd, "my sone here wyl y dey,
Ar þou from[9] me be bore aweye."
Faste þese houndes come rennyng ryue,[10]
And founde þe Iewes boþe alyue;

"Good women, see if there be any sorrow like unto mine."

Never woman bare such a child."

An armed company comes to break the legs of the condemned.

Mary's martyrdom is renewed.

"What more will they do?

I may not help Thee, [leaf 89, bk, col. 2] but I will do what I can."

She runs to the cross, and says,

"Here will I die."

The hounds come,

[1] sorowe [2] slake [3] wēles [4] mote I. [5] gete sone [6] sagh [7] Glossed *haste* in B. [8] mowe [9] fro [10] riue

Þey brak here þyes boþe atwynne, — and break the thieves' legs and
And founde a grete dyche and kast hem þer ynne. — cast their bodies into a ditch.
Se[1] wende þey wulde so serue here sone,
And þozt with mekenes hem ouercome; 844
On knees she knelyd with here felawshepe, — Mary kneels before them and
And seyd, "seres, y prey 3ow of frenshepe, — says,
Pyneþ[2] hym no more, brekeþ nat hys þees;[3]
3yueþ hym me hole,[4] for ded 3e [5]seeþ he[5] ys; 848 "Sirs, you see He is dead.
Y wyl hym byrye my self and ouþer, — I will bury Him.
Haueþ reuþe on me, hys sory modyr." — Have pity on me."
Ey, lady! what do 3e to knele wepyng
þus at þese houndes fete, socour[6] sekyng? 852
Of salamons sawys 3e are nat auysed, — Ecclus. xiii. 20.
Þat meknes of proude men ys alle dyspysed.
Þan longeus þe kny3t dyspysed here pleynt,
Þat þo proude was, but now, be[7] mercy, a seynt. 856
A spere he sette to crystys syde, — Longinus pierces His side with a
He launced and opun[de][8] a wounde ful wyde. — spear.
Þurgh[9] hys herte he prened hym with mode,
And anone ran downe watyr[10] and blode. 860
AA,[11] wrong! aa, wo! aa, wykkednes! — What wrong, to martyr her for
To martyre here[12] for here mekenes. — her meekness!
Þe sone was dede he felte no smerte,
But certes hyt perced þe modrys hert. 864
Þey wounded here, and heped harm vp on harmes;
She fyl, as for dede, yn maudeleyns armys. — She falls for dead into Magdalen's
A! Ihesu, þys dede ys wundyr to me, — arms.
Þat þou suffrest þy modyr be martyred for þe. 868
Þo Ion stert vp fresshly a none,
And seyd, "wykked men, what wul 3e done? — John cries, "Go hence,
Haue 3e nat slayn hym with wrong and wo? — wicked men,
What wyl 3e sle hys modyr also? 872 [leaf 90]
Goþ hens, for we wyl byrye hym anone." — we will bury Him."

[1] She [2] Peineþ [3] þes [4] hool [5—5] seþ his [6] secour
[7] bi [8] *do* illegible in MS.; openede B. [9] Thurgh-out
[10] boþe water [11] Aa [12] his moder

They go away ashamed.

Al ashamed þe houndes awey gun[1] gone.
Whan mary was waked oute of here swoun,
Ayens þe cros she sate[2] here adowne;
Pytusly she behelde þat grysly wounde;
Fro wepyng she ne myȝt stynte[3] no stounde.

What sorrow they all made no tongue can tell.

What sorowe made Ione, crystys derlyng,
What maudeleyn, with teres hys fete wasshyng,
What Iacobe, what cleophe, and ouþer mo,
Y wys no tunge may telle here wo.
Ful feyn þey wulde Ihesu down taken,

They cannot take the Body down.

But strengþe and ynstrumentys boþe þey lakkyn.
Among hem þey kast þe best to done,
Sum seyd þe nyȝt wulde nyghe ful sone:
ȝyf we here wake, deþ shul we þole,[4]
ȝyf we go hens,[5] þys body shal be stole.

They pray to God,

þey preyde to god sum socur hem sende,
For lyfe ne for deþ þey nolde þens[6] wende.

and then see men approaching with instruments.

A newe cumpanye þey say þo comyngge,
Instrumentys and oynementys with hem bryngyngge.
Oure lady dred sore þat þey were enmyes,
Tyl Ihone on hem hadde sette gode aspyes;

John recognizes Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

"Beþe of gode cumforte," he seyde, "þey seme
Ioseph of barmathy and nychodeme."
þys was here comyng; whan þey come þedyr

They worship the cross.

þey wurscheped þe cros and salude to gedyr,
And þanked god þat þedyr hem sente:
Oure lady preyd hem to[7] do here entent.

The medytacyun of pe oure of euensong.

Now wyl y telle of euensong oure.
Se, man, a syȝte of grete doloure:

Two ladders stand before the cross.

Twey laddres afore[8] þe cros now stonde,

Joseph and Nicodemus go up with pincers

Ioseph and nychodeme to clymbe þey fonde,
With pynsours, pryuyly, and ouþer gere.

[1] þan gun [2] sette [3] stente [4] B has the gloss *suffre*. [5] hennes [6] þennes [7] *om.* [8] before

Whan þey to þe hondes come were,
Pryuyly *with* here pynsours sore þey ply3t, to draw out the nails.
Lest marye shulde gryse sore of þat sy3te.
þey haled harde ar hyt wulde be, [leaf 90, col. 2]
þe nayles stokyn so fast yn þe tre;
Ful faste þey wrastyn, no þyng þey wou*n*den,
Nedes þey mote[1] brese foule hys honden; They bruise His hands,
But ry3twus god accepteþ alle þyng but God accepts a man according to his meaning.
Of eche man, mekely aftyr hys menyng.
Whan þey hadde drawe oute þe nayles *with* fors,
Ioseph bare vp þe precyous cors,
Whyl hys felawe to þe fete wente,
And my3tily þat nayle oute he hente.
Whan þe nayles were oute echone,
Nychodeme pryuyly toke hem to Ione. The nails are given to John.
Anone ru*n*ne to alle þat [2]were þere,[2] All help to carry the Body.
And hylpe þat precyus body to bere.
Ion bare hys breste and wepte ful sore, John bears the breast,
For þe*r*on he rested þe ny3t before;
Hys fete bare maudeleyn and on he*m* weep, Magdalen the feet,
For at he*m* here sy*n*nes she lette;[3]
þo þat were þere bare alle þe tou*þer*,
Saue hys ry3t honde bare marye hys modyr. Mary His right hand.
Feyn wulde she ha bore more of here dere sone,
But grete sorowe here strengþe had ou*er*come.
þat arme wepyng ofte[4] she kyste, She kisses it,
She kolled hyt, she[5] clypped hyt vp on here brest.
But eu*er* wha*n* she behelde *þat* grysly wou*n*de,
For sorowe & for feyntnes she fyl to þe grou*n*de.
Oftyn she seyd, "a, sone! a,[6] sone! and cries, "Ah, Son,
Where ys now alle þat werk become, where is now Thy work?
þat þou were wunt to werche *with* þys honde,
Feuers and syke men to brynge oute of þonde?
A, flesshe! a, fode! moste feyre and most fre,

[1] mote*n* [2—2] þere were [3] leet [4] ful ofte
[5] *and* [6] *om.*

Of þe holy goste conceyued yn me,
Why fadest þou? no fylþe yn þe ys founde,
For synneles y bare þe yn to þys mounde.
Thou hast bought man's sin dear." A! mannes synne dere hast þou boȝt,
With a gretter prys myȝt hyt neuer be boȝt."
þys cumpany furþe þan þys cors gun[1] karye,
They pray her to hinder them no longer. And prayd[2] hys modyr no lenger hem tarye.
[leaf 90, back] Wyþ oynementys and shetes þey wuldyn hyt dyȝt,
And bery hyt anone for hyt was ny nyȝt.
"I pray you," she said, "take Him not from me." þan seyd she, "y pray ȝow a bone:
Takeþ nat my sone[3] fro me so[4] sone,
Beryeþ me raþer *with* hym yn graue,
For, oþer dede or alyue, y mote hym haue."
At þe laste she consented,[5] so long þey pray;
They prepare to bury Him. þan to byrye þys body þey hem aray.
þys body[6] was leyde vpp on a shete,
To anoynte and sewe hyt downe þey sete;
His Mother sits at the head, and places it in her lap. Marye hys modyr at þe hede[7] sate;
She lyfte hyt, she leyd hyt feyre yn here lape,
She behylde hyt, how hyt was ybroke,
Prykket, and broysed[8] wyþ many a stroke;
Shaue also boþe berde and hede,
With þornes [9]þey rente,[10] *with*[9] blode alle rede.
In a story it is said He was shaven: Yn a story truly þys resun y nam,
þat god ones seyd to an holy womman,
Whan Iewes had dampned hym deþ for to haue,
Shamely [11]berde and hede[11] gun þey shaue.
the Evangelists say nothing about it. The euangelystys telle nat of þys doyng,
For þey myȝte nat wryte alle þyng.
Of hys berde y fynde a resun,
Isaiah said, þe whyche seyd[12] Isaye yn goddys persone:
My body I gave to the smiters and my cheeks to "men grubbing." "My body y ȝaue to men smytyng,
And also my chekes to men grubbyng."

[1] gun to [2] preiden [3] swete sone [4] þus [5] *consenteþ*
[6] *body* written over in MS. [7] heued [8] brissed [9–9] iren*t* of
[10] for *y rente* [11–11] his hede *and* berde [12] seiþ

Fyrst, þan, marye, *with* a swote cloute, Mary wrapped His head in a cloth.
Swaþed here sones hede alle aboute;
"Sone,[1] y was wunt þe swetly to wrappe,
Now swaþe y þe dede, here yn my lappe."
The touþer anoynted hym and closed þe shete, The others anointed Him.
Tyl þey com adowne ny to hys fete;
Maudeleyn prayd, þat hys fete she myȝt[2] dresse, Magdalen prayed to dress His feet.
For þer she gate of here synnes *grace* &[3] forȝyuenes:
She wepte, and wysshe hem *with* many a tere, She washed them with tears.
She keste hem, and wyped hem *with* here feyre here.
Whan þe cors alle was [4]y dyȝt,[4]
To þe sepulcre þey bygan [5]to bere hyt ful[5] ryȝt. They carry Him to the sepulchre,

The medytacyun of þe oure of cumplyn. [leaf 90, bk, col. 2]

Now ys þe oure y come of cumplyn:
þey leyn þe cors þer[6] hyt shal lyn, and lay Him in it,
Yn a new sepulcre and feyre y graue,
þat nycodeme made hym self for to haue:
þey shette hyt a boute *with* a grete stone, and prepare to leave.
And arayde hem faste þen for[7] to gone.
"Abydeþ god breþren, marye gan seye, Mary says, "Stay:
Wharto hye ȝe so faste aweye? why go so fast?
ȝyf ȝe be ful[8] of my dere sone,
Goþ hens, and lateþ me here alone wone;
Whedyr shulde y wende, to frende, ouþer kyn? Whither should I go?
Y kan no whedyr go, but ȝyf[9] y had hym;
He was my broþer, my mayster, my spouse;
Now am y[10] wedew, helples yn house. Now I am a widow.
Wuld god ȝe wulde byrye me *with* hym! Would God I were dead.
For þan shulde we neuer departe[11] atwyn.
Now certes my soule ys melted awey:
For ryȝt so[12] loue gan to me seye,

[1] *And* seide sone [2] moste [3] of [4–4] ful weil idight
[5–5] hit to bere [6] þere-as [7] *om.* [8] to ful
[9] ȝyf written over in MS. [10] I. a [11] departen
[12] A word partly erased here; apparently *me* or *my:* no word in B.

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'Y haue hym soȝt, y fynde hym noȝt,
Y haue hym clepyd, he answereþ noȝt. 1004

I will abide here; Y wyl a byde hym here yn fay,

He said He would rise again." For he seyde he wulde a ryse þe þryd day.'
But ȝyf þat y hadde trust to hys seyyng,
Myn herte shulde [1]ha broste[1] at hys deyyng." 1008

John counsels her to go. þan Ion cunseyled here, and seyd anone,
"Thys sabbat we mow nat wake[2] a lone:
ȝyf Iewes here vs take þey wyl vs spylle,
And þus was also ȝoure sones wylle." 1012

She answers, þan mary answered, myldely wepyng,

"My Son gave me into thy keeping; I must do as thou biddest." "My sone, Ion, toke me yn þy kepyng,
Y most[3] nedys do as þou me byst:"
And ryȝt *with* þat wurde aswyþe she ryst; 1016
Afore þe sepulcre she kneled a downe,
And wepyng, she made þys lamentacyoun:

With that she commends her Son to His Father in heaven. "A, swete sone! now wo ys me,
þat y no lenger may byde *with* þe, 1020
For nedys y mote now þe forsake,

[leaf 91] þy fadyr of heuene[4] y þe betake;
Oure felawshepe ys now dyuydyd,
For y may nat *with* þe be byryed;[5] 1024*

"My heart is buried with Thee. But certes, swete sone, where so euer[6] y be,
Holy myn herte ys byryed *with* þe;

If Thou rise up my heart shall rise also. ȝyf þou ryse vp, as þou me behyȝte,
Myn herte shal aryse *with* þe as lyȝt.; 1028

If Thou rise not, I am stone dead. ȝyf þou ryse nat vp on þe þrydde day,
Truly y am stonede[7] dede [8]for ay.[8]

Arise, sweet Son. þarfore, swete sone, aryse vp and come,
And kyþe weyl þat þou art of heuene goddys sone."
þe sepulcre swetly anone she kyst, 1033
Se wente[9] a boute and feyre she hyt blest,

Sleep soft in ease; And seyd, "my dere sone, slepe softe yn ese,

[1—1] abroste [2] wake here [3] mote [4] final *e* written over in MS.
[5] iberied [6] *om.* [7] stone
[8—8] for ones *and* ai. euer written above *ay* in MS.
[9] She romede

For þy place ys made to þe yn pese." 1036 Thy place is in peace.
Eftesones þe sepulcre she kyst knelyng,
And cryde þys wurde *with* strong wepyng,
"A! sone, here may y no lenger lende, I may abide no longer.
Nedes from þe þou wylt me sende, 1040
Myn herte *with* þe y leue to wone,
Farwel, farewel, my derewurþe sone!" Farewell, my dear Son!"
With þat wurde certes ny swoned she had,
But Ion lefte here vp, and þens[1] here led. 1044 John leads her away.
Towarde þe cyte here wey þey toke,
Oftyn aȝenward marye gan loke.
Whan she come to þe cros, "abydeþ," she seyd; She stops,
"My sone, my sauyour, ryȝt now here deyd; 1048
Here vpp on he haþ boȝt alle man kynne,
Hys precyus blode haþ wasshe oure *synne*."
She wurschepyd hyt fyrst, & þan þey echone and they worship, the Cross.
Towarde þe cyte here wey *gun* they gone. 1052
Are she shulde entre, þey kouerd here vysage.
As for a wedew þey dyd þat vsage.
þey kast where she herbored shulde be, They "cast" where she should
Eche of hem seyd, "*with* me, *with* me." 1056 be lodged. Each says, "With me, with me."
Now þe quene of heuene, modyr hyest,
Haþ nat where yn here hede for to reste.
She þanked hem, and seyd, "y am betake
To Ion, and þarfore y may nat hy*m* forsake." 1060 [leaf 91, col. 2]
Ion seyd, "we wyl *with* maudeleyn a lyȝt, John said, "We will stay with Magdalen.
For þere rested oure mayster a whyle to nyȝt; The brethren will come thither."
Also my breþren wyl come alle þedyr;
þere wyl we reste and speke to gedyr." 1064
þey led here furþe þurgh þat cyte,
Wydewes and wyues of here had pyte. Widows and wives pity her.
Whan þey had broȝt here þere echone,
Some token here leue and wenten hom; 1068
Maudeleyn and martha were bysy þ*at* nyȝ*t*,
[2]To serue[2] here alle þat þey[3] myȝt.

[1] þ*e*nnes [2—2] To ese here *and* serue [3] *þey* written over in MS.

She could not sleep, but wept and said, "My dear Son!"

Þenke, man, how she myȝt no slepe slepe,
But sorowed, and syghed, and weyled, and wepe,
And euermore seyde, "my derwurþe sone,
For loue y anguysshe tyl þat þou come."

Peter comes weeping, and salutes Mary and John.

Anone come petyr, with wepyng chere,
And salude Marye and Ion yn fere.

The other disciples come,

Þan come þe dyscyplys, eche aftyr oþer,
For shame durst none loke on hys broþer.
Þey asked þe doyng of here dere lorde,

and John tells them all.

Ion tolde hem þe processe euery aworde.

"Woe is me," said Peter, "that I forsook Him."

"Wo me," seyd petyr, "me shameþ to loke,
For þat y my swete lorde and mayster forsoke,
Wheche loued and chersed me[1] so tenderly:
Wo mé, a,[2] wreche, mercy, y cry."

The others make their confession and weep.

Also þe dyscyplys here confessyun
Maden and weptyn with[3] lamentacyun.
Þan crystes modyr, here mylde maystres,
Had grete compassyun of here heuynes;

Mary comforts them.

She comforted hem and seyd þus:
"Dysmay ȝow nat for my sone[4] Ihesus,
For þus to hys deþ he wulde be bore,
To saue mannes soule þat was forlore;
Þarto he com with moche stryfe,
Yn traueyle and yn pouert to leden hys lyfe.

"No wonder you forsook Him, His Father did the same."

No wundyr þogh ȝe forsoke hym yn hys ende,
Hys fadyr forsoke hym socour to sende;
Hymself he forsoke for oure mys dede;
Y preyd for hym, y myȝt no þyng spede;
Certes y am sory for hys grete passyun,
But truly y glade for soules saluacyun;
Þey shulden yn helle for euer be forlore,
But y hym to þys deþ had [5]hym bore;[5]
ȝe weten weyl how benygne my dere sone was,
Lyȝtly to forȝyue al maner of trespas;

[leaf 91, back]

[1] *me* written over in MS.; *me* follows *louede* in B. [2] aa [3] wiþ gret [4] swete sone [5–5] here ibore

Doutep ȝe no þyng of hys grete *mercy*,
For largely he ȝyfþ þaȝ cryeþ hyt hertly;
Beep of gode cumfort, for trustly y say,
We shullen hym se on þe þrydde day;
Seþþen he haþ boght vs at so grete prys,
Nedes from þe deþ he mote aryse."
"Certys," seyd petyr, "þys nyȝt at þe cene,[1]
He seyd eftsones we shuldyn hym sene,
Þan alle oure sorowe to ioye shulde come,
And þat ioye shulde nat from vs be nome."[2]
"A! brepren!" seyd Marye, "y ȝow pray
Þat swete sermoun ȝe wyl me say."
A none Ion tolde here, for he coude best,
For slepyng he soke hyt at crystys brest.
Þus þey dwel yn here medytacyun,
Tyl tyme was come of þe resurreccyun.

"Be of good comfort; we shall see Him on the third day."

"Certainly," said Peter, "He said we should soon see Him, and that our sorrow should be turned to joy."

Thus they dwelt until the resurrection.

The medytacyun how cryst ȝede to helle.

Thenk, man, and se cryst aftyr hys deþ:
For þy synne streyght to helle he geþ,
Oute of þe fendys bonde to þe fre,
And þe fende bonde to make to þe.
Þenk, also, þe grete dede of hys powere:
He myȝt ha[3] sent an angel to saue vs here,
But þan of oure saluacyun we shulde nat þanke hym,
But calle þe aungel sauer of alle man kyn.
Þarfor hys fadyr so hertly loued vs,
He ȝaue vs hys owene gete sone Ihesus;
Þan we onely hym þanke and do hym onoure,
As fadyr, as former, socoure and sauyoure.
Þank we now oure sayoure, þat salue vs haþ broȝt,
Oure syke soules to saue, whan synne haþ hem soȝt.
Of hys grete godenes gyn we hym grete,
Seyyng þe wurde of sakarye þe holy prophete:

For thy sin Christ goeth straight to hell.

He might have sent an angel to save us.

God so loved us that He gave us His Son.

Thank we now our Saviour,

[leaf 91, bk, col. 2]

saying the words of Zacharias,

[1] Glossed *soper* in B.
[2] Glossed *take* in B.
[3] haue

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."

"Lorde god of Israel, blessed mote þou be,
þy peple þou hast vysyted and boȝt hem to þe,

S. Luke i. 68.

Whych setyn yn derkenes of deþ and dysese,
þou lyȝtest hem and ledest yn to þe wey of pese." 1140

To that "peace peerless" bring us. Amen.

To þat pes pereles we prey þou vs bryng,
þat leuyst and reynest *with* oute endyng. 1142

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

A, 1084, 1115, ah.
And ther with al he bleynte / and cryde. *A.* *Chaucer*, 1078.

Adowne, 676, 1017, down.

Afore, 150, 180.

Agadlyng, 477, a gadling, a gadder about; a vagabond. Cp. "They ronne *agaddynge*, ye a whore hountinge after their false prophetes."—*The Lamentacyon of a Christian agaynste the Cyte of London*, leaf 4 (1545).

Al, *Al hole*, 182, all whole, entirely, wholly.

Algate, Algates, 358, 364, 392, 699, always, at all times, under all circumstances; in the last example it means certainly, of a truth, indeed.

Alheyl, 378, All hail!

Al thogh, 56, although.

Alyþed, 589, have allayed, mitigated.

An, 310, 380, 397, on.

Angred, 744, angered, made sorry. "They *angered* Moses also in the tents."—Psa. cvi. 16, *P. B. Vers.*

Anguyssed, 315, pained.

Anguysshe, 1074, to pine, suffer.

Angwys, 659, 683, anguish.

Ar, Are, 31, 94, &c., ere, before.

Aray, 954, 990, to prepare, to make ready.

Areyned, 601, commanded.

Arst, 502, first, formerly.

Aslake, 807, to abate, to slake.

Aspyes, 894, spies.

Astounde, 328.

Astyte, 436, anon, quickly.

Aswyþe, 1016, quickly, immediately.

At, 371, of.

Atwyn, Atwynne, 663, 678, 841, 1000, asunder, "atwo," or in two.

Auysed, 853, informed, taught, advised.

Auysyly, 415, advisedly, carefully.

Awake, 336, arouse.

Aworde, every aworde, 1080, every word.

Axen, 430, ask.

Ay, 1030, ever.

Aysel, 732, vinegar.

Aȝens, 46, 48, "aȝens he com," "aȝens nyȝt," by, just before.

Aȝenward, 1046, backward.

Bacyn, 141, basin.

Bebled, p. 20, *note.*

Behoue, 224, behoof, advantage.

Behynde, 287.

Behyȝte, 1027, promised (compounded of 'be' and 'hight').

Benygne, 1103, benign, kind.

Berdoun, 593, burden.

Betake, 353, 365, 457, 695, 728, 760, bring to, give to, commend to.

Beþ, Beþe, 648, 895, be.

Beþenke, 127, 129, 163, bethink, remember.

Betraye, Betrey, 96, 106, betray.

Bie, p. 2, *note*.

Blyn, 103, to cease, to stop.

Bodly, 39, bodily, corporeal.

Boffeteþ, 428, buffet; *indic. plur.*

Bokes hede, 320, chapter (of a book).

"Brent sacrifise, and for synne thou askidest not; thanne I seide, Lo! I come. In the *hed* of the *boc* it is write of me that I do thi wil."—Psalm xxxix. 8, 9, *Wycliffe's Vers.*

"Thanne I seyde, Loo! I come; in the head, *or bigynnyng*, of the book it is writyn of me."—Heb. x. 7, *Wycliffe's Vers.*

"In capite libri scriptum est de me."—*Vulgate.*

Bollers, 477, drinkers, drunkards, men who pass the bowl. See *P. Plow.*, C-text, Pass. x. 194, and note.

Bone, 313, prayer, petition, request.

Bone, 372, 949, boon, gift.

Bownden, 523, bound.

Breche, 622, breeches, covering.

Brenne, 201, burn.

Brese, 912, bruise.

Broysed, 960, bruised.

But, 666, only, except.

Buxom, 469, obedient.

By, Bye, 28, 318, buy, redeem.

By, "by þe wey," 284.

Byfore, 287.

Byhelde, 489.

Bynte, 427, bind. "The last word *bint* the tale."—Quoted in the *Journ. Sac. Lit.*, vol. i. (1865), p. 252.

Bypaþ, 486, by-path, a secluded way.

Byrye, 849, bury.

Byst, 1015, biddest, requestest.

Byt, 305, bade, warned.

Calle, 1128, call.

Ce to Ce, 441, place to place. Cp. "Cee, Mare, fretum, pontus."—*P. Parv.*, p. 64.

Cene, 1111, Fr. *Cène*, the Lord's Supper. Sp. *cena*, a supper.

Whan he sat with hem at the *cene*
. . . . . .
To swych he gaff hem alderlast
Hys owne body.

MS. Cott. Vit. C. xiii., lf 69, bk.

Chalys, 193, chalice.

Chekenes, 286, chickens.

Chere, 11, 87, 1075, cheer, countenance.

Chere, 203, cheering, cheerful.

Chersed, 333, 1083, cherished.

Chese, 393, choose.

Clepe, 719, call.

Cleppeþ, 152, clippeth, embraceth.

Cleuyn, 616, ?clewe, fasten on, seize.

Cloute, 973, cloth.

Clypped, 932, embraced, pressed closely.

Compyled, 14, compiled.

Comunde, 198, communed, conversed with.

Conceyued, 940, conceived.

Constreyned, 602, constrained, compelled.

Cors, 916, 945, corse, a dead body.

Corupt, 27, corrupt.

Coude, 126, could.

Croys, 556, cross.

Crucyfyers, 642.

Cryeþ, 1106, asketh, demandeth.

Crysten, 9, christian, christened.

Cumplyn, 985, even-song, the last service of the day; compline.

Cumþ, 418, cometh.

Dame, 286, mother's.

Dampne, 556, 558, 559, condemn.

Day, 728, die.

Defoule, 506, defile, pollute.

Degre, 7, degree, condition in life.

Deluyn, 347, dig, delve.

Derkenes, 1139, darkness.

Derlyng, 276, dearling, darling.

Derwurly, 180, cheerfully, willingly, honourably.

þe sculen biwiten þene king:
durewurþliche þurh alle þing.
Lazamons Brut., ii. 210.

þise were di3t on þe des, & *derwarþly* serued.
Sir Gawayne, 114.

Derwurþ, Derwurþe, 181, 368, 385, 651, precious, very dear.

Deye, 94, 207, die.

Do, 131, "was do," was done.

Done, wuld done, 138.

Dresse, 158, prepare.

Drye, 738, dry, thirsty. "Dry fro moysture. *Siccus.*"—*P. Parv.*

Dung, 506.

Dyffyed, 743, defied, rejected, despised. "*Dyffyyn*, or vtterly dyspysyn. *Vilipendo, flocctpendo, sperno, aspernor, aporio.*"—*P. Parv.* 115.

Dyggen, 611, dig.

Dyrknes, 410, darkness.

Dysese, 1139, disease, trouble.

Dyspetusly, 615, angrily, without pity.

Dysplayed, 640, displayed, extended, spread out.

Dyspoyle, 615, despoil, spoil, undress.

Dysturbled, 316, disturbed, troubled. "*Dysturbelyn, Turbo, conturbo.*"—*P. Parv.* 123.

"And thei . . . . weren *distourblid*, seyinge, For it is a fantum."—S. Matt. xiv. 26. "He began for to be *distourblid* and sory in herte."—S. Matt. xxvi. 37, *Wycliffe.*

Dy3t, 49, 325, prepared, made ready.

Echone, 57, all, each one.

Eftesones, Eftsones, 549, 1037, 1112, immediately.

Eke, 506, also.

Enformed, 238, informed, taught.

Entent, 43, "Take gode entent," give good heed.

Erst, 424, before, formerly: *arst* in l. 502.

Ese, 1035, ease, rest.

Euerychone, 132, every one.

Expouñed, 735, expounded, explained.

Ey, 851, eh?

Fare, 492, suffer, endure.

Fay, 1005, faith, confidence.

Fedyng, 35, 39, feeding.

Felawshepe, 447, 576, company, companions.

Fele, 669, many.

Fere, 68, 88, 119, 240. In fere, together, in company, one with another; l. 240, "loue yn fere," love one another. "This is my

comaundement, that ȝe loue *to gidere*."—S. John xv. 12, *Wycliffe*.

Fere, 580, a companion.

Fersly, 626, fiercely.

Fest, 212, fist, hand.

Fette, fet, 82, 563, 614, fetched.

Feye, 18, 86, faith, belief.

Feyn, 686, fain, gladly, willingly.

Feynt, 509, faint, weak.

Feyntly, 572, faintly, weakly.

Feyntnesse, 594.

Feyre, 164, 169. In l. 164 the Lat. orig. has *five*.

Feyre, 1034, fair.

Folue, 177, follow.

Fond, 356, found.

Fonde, 187, founded, instituted.

Fong, 329, to endure, suffer.

For, 273, because.

Fordone, 186, destroy, do away with. *Fordone* is properly the participle of *for-do*.

Forlore, 26, utterly lost.

Former, 795, Maker, Creator.

Forwounded, 519, much wounded.

Fresshly, 869, fiercely, briskly.

Furþe, 802, "furþe beryng," birth, bringing forth.

Fyne, 656, perfectly, quite.

Fynst, 557, findest.

Fyrþer more, 621.

Fyþe, 729, fifth.

Fyueþe, 257, fifth.

Gan, 185, began.

Gere, 657, 905, gear, tools.

Gert, 139, girded, girt.

Gerte, 654, pushed, drove.

Gete, 817, 1130, gotten, begotten.

Geþ, 1122, goeth.

Gladlygh, 89, gladly, cheerfully.

Glymbe, 630, climb.

Gobbettes, 85, morsels, bits.

Gone, 1052, "gan gone," began to go.

Graces, 81, prayers before meat.

Grame, 548, to anger.

Graue, y graue, 987, dug.

Grete, 1135, greet, address.

Greyþe, 46, prepare, make ready.

Grubbyng, 972. In Wycliffe's translation this passage (Isa. l. 6) stands thus: "My bodi I ȝaf to the smyteres, and my chekes to the pulleris; my face I turnede not awei fro the blameres, and the spitteres in me."

Gryse, 153.

Grysly, 101, sorrowful.

Grysly, 877, 933, terrible, frightful.

Gun, 630, 945, 966, gan, began.

Gunne, 133, began.

Gyn, 777, 1135, begin.

Ha, 686, 929, 1126, have.
"He wolde *ha* men as lord to hym loute."
See *Gospel Stories, Man who made a Supper* (p. 6).

Haled, 662, pulled.

Halfdede, 588, half dead.

Hardy, 526.

He, 254.

Hem, 259, "hem whyche."

Hen, 280, hence.

Hente, 918, drew.

Hepys, 624, hips.

Herbored, 1055, lodged.

Herdles, 452, herdless, without a shepherd.

Here, 63, their.

Here by, 67.

Hertly, 243, 1106, heartily.

Hestes, hestys, 323, 742, commands, behests.

Ho, 528, 790, who.

Ho, 573, he.

Hole, 182, "al hole," wholly, entirely.

Holy, 1026, wholly.

Hom, 1068.

Homely, 275. Will the reader supply a word which will convey the sense as well as this does?

Hote, 240, command.

Hyde, 623, hye, 573, hyed, 590, hyyng, 627, to hurry, hurried, hurrying.

Hylpe, 922, helped, assisted.

Hyt, 102, it.

Instrumentys, 892, instruments.

Ioed, 562, joyed.

Iuwyse, 577, I-wis.

Kast, 643, lifted, raised.

Kast, 885, 1055, cast, considered.

Kercheues, 624, kerchiefs.

Knowlechyng, 424, knowledge.

Kolled, 932, embraced, clasped.

Kone, 438, can.

Kouerd, 1053, covered.

Kraked, 662, cracked, broke.

Krokedly, 571, crookedly.

Krokyng, 149, crooking, bending.

Kunne, 675, can.

Kynne, 1049, man kynne, mankind.

Kyþe, 1032, know.

Kytte, 85, 236, 268, cut, pierced. It *kittiþ* myn herte as with a knyf. *Pol., Rel., and Love Poems*, p. 205, l. 16.

Lake, 347, a pit.

Lakkyn, 884, lack.

Lamaȝabatany, 724. See St Matt. xxvii. 46.

Lape, 958, lap.

Lateþ, 467, 994, let, allow, permit.

Launced, 858, lanced, pierced with a lance.

Lede, 665, ? lead, the metal.

Lemes, 667, limbs.

Lende, 1039, remain, tarry.

Lere, 13, 16, 67, 120, learn.

Lered, 170, learned.

Lese, 394, lose.

Lestene, 312, listen.

Lete, 165, 181, Lette, 926, } left, ? leave.

Leue, 784, believe.

Lewed, 170, ignorant.

Leyd, 274, "be leyd," laid low, overcome.

Leyn, 521, "leyn on," lay on, thrash.

Leyn, 986, lay.

Logher, 133, lower.

Loke, 167, see, behold.

Lone, 1010, "a lone," alone.

Lore, 673, learning, knowledge, doctrine.

Louesum, 220, lovely, loving.

Lyn, 986, lie, remain.

Lyne, 733, slake, stop.

Lyne, 771, lain, remained.

Lys, 702, ease, relieve, lessen.

Lyȝt, 1061, "a lyȝt," remain, stay.

Lyȝt, 47, remained, tarried.

Lyȝt, 207, alighted, came down.

Lyȝtly, 1104, willingly, quickly, commonly.

Make, 795, mate, companion, equal.

Manly, 398, manfully.
Many one, 541.
Mede, 335, value, worth.
Mekest, 645, humblest (verb).
Memorand, 32, memorable.
Memorand, 195, a memorial.
Mende, 127, mind.
Mende, 196, memory.
Mercyable, 456, mercyful.
Mest, 400, most.
Meyny, 198, company.
Mode, 345, 859, wrath, anger.
Monasshyng, 169, 245, admonishing, admonition.
Mone, 454, moan, supplication.
Mone, 715, told, said, made. Qy. moaned? But B. has *nome*, took.
Moste, 199, 528.
Mot, Mote, 390, 581, must.
Mounde, 942, the earth, the world.
Mow, 349, 350, 363, may.
Mow, 522, might, could, were able (to do).
Mysdo, 462, misdone, done amiss.
Mysdoer, 503, a wrong-doer.
Myþe, 156, mighty. See *myhtly* in Prompt. Parv. (? *mild.*)

Nam, 603, 963, took.
Nat, 590, not.
Nayles, 116, nails.
Neme, 513, "vndyr neme," ? examine, punish.
Ner, 586, nearer.
Nolde, 890, ne would, would not.
Nome, 1114, taken.
Noþer, 27, neither.
Noye, 22, annoy.
Noȝt, 22, "with noȝt," in any manner, in anything.
Ny, 418, nigh, near.
Nygh̄, 90, nigh, near.
Nyghe, 886, come, approach.

O, 68, 382, one.
Ones, 964, once.
Onoure, 1131, honour.
Opone, 10, open.
Opunly, 543, openly.
Opynyons, 20, opinions.
Orcherd, 303, orchard, garden.
Orysun, 361, orison.
Oute, 615; "*oute* dyspetusly," without pity.
Owne, 817, 1130, "owne gete," only begotten.
Oynementys, 892, 947, ointments.

Pas, 359, "toke hys pas," went his way.
Paske, 82, paschal.
Paske, 94, passover.
Pens, 335, pence.
Pereles, 1141, peerless.
Pese, 1036, 1140, peace, rest.
Pleynes, 689, complains.
Pleynt, 510, plaint, complaint, indictment.
Plogh̄, 568, plough.
Plyȝt, 626, plucked, taken away.
Plyȝt, 907, pulled.
Pouert, 1094, poverty.
Prened, 859, pierced, pricked.
Preued, 18, proved.
Preyour, 413.
Preysed, 336, appraised, valued.
Processe, 1080, the manner in which an act was done; details, particulars.
Pryme, 475, 537, prime; six o'clock in the morning.

Pryncypals, 226, heads of a discourse.

Pryuyly, 105, privily, secretly.

Punged, 567, pricked, goaded.

Pur, 8, for.

Put, 141.

Pycchen, 612, pitch, throw, or let fall.

Pyler, pylour, 523, 515, pillar.

Pyne, 401, 547, pain, grief.

Pyneþ, 847, punish, torture, *imperat. plur. 2nd pers.*

Pynsours, 905, pincers.

Pytusly, 533, grievously. Cp. "*Pytyows*, or rufulle yn syȝhte. *Dolorosue, penosus.*"—*P. Parv.* 402.

Real, 33, 34.

Reke, 821, hurry, haste.

Rent (verb), 116, rend.

Reuþe, 832, 850, pity, compassion.

Rewe, 473, 826, to regret, be sorry for: to rue.

Reyȝte, 642, raught, reached.

Riue, note to l. 839.

Route, 423, a company.

Ruly, 121, 301, 517, 634, rueful. "*Ruly, idem quod* ruful (ful of ruthe and pyte)."—*P. Parv.* 439.

Ryme, 538 (verb).

Ryst, 1016, arose.

Ryue, 839.

Ryȝtwus, 913, righteous.

Salude, 898, 1076, saluted.

Salue, 1133, salve, salvation.

Samen, 671, "yn samen," in company, together.

Sauer, 1128, saver, Saviour.

Sawys, "Salamons sawys," sayings, proverbs.

Sum *sawes* of Salomon · y shall you shew sone.
The Crowned King, l. 44.

The passage is, "As the proud hate humility: so doth the rich abhor the poor."—Ecclus. xiii. 20.

Say, 587, 688, saw.

Scorneþ, scorned, 429, 743.

Se, 843, 1034, she.

Seced, 100, ceased.

Seche, 621, ? to look, to observe.

Secunde, 40, second.

Seluyn, 453, "here seluyn," herself; owne self, 680.

Semely, 387, properly, becomingly, justly.

Sen, 232, see (*1st pers. indic. fut.*).

Setyn, 1139, sit.

Sewe, 402, ensue, follow.

Sewe, 956, to sew.

Sey, 134, seen.

Seyn, seyd, 134, 553, say, said.

Seyth, "sum seyth," 675.

Seyyng, 228, saying.

Shamely, 966, shamefully.

Shape, 575, "hym ys shape," for him is prepared, or intended; devised.

Shaue, 966, shave; 961, shaven.

Shenshepe, 448, 575, punishment.

Shete, 955, Shetes, 947, sheet, sheets.

Shokyn, 479, shook.

Shulder, 565, shoulder.

Shullen, 1108, shall.

Shust, 714, shouldest.

Shyttyng, 756, shutting.

Slake, 696, mitigate.

Slogh, 567, slough, a dirty place.

Smert, 140, smart, quick, quickly.

Soper, 30, 33, supper.

Sopyng place, 160, supping place.

Specyal, 107, special.

Spelle, 114, learn, read.

Spelle, 130, teach.
Spelled, 739, uttered, said.
Sprunge, 414, "be sprunge," besprinkled.
Spyl, spylle, spylled, 470, 582, 600, 752, 1011, spoil, destroy, punish.
Stant, 681, stands.
State, 391, manner.
Stede, 135, place.
Sterte, 421, hurried, went forward.
Sterte, 570, "a sterte," start away, turn away, wander.
Steuene, 382, voice.
Stey, 635, "vpp stey," raised, elevated.
Stilly, 689, softly, silently.
Stokyn, 910, stuck.
Stonede dede, 1030, "stone dead."
Stonen, 141, of stone, of earthenware.
Story, 963, history, legend.
Stounde, 878, a moment, a short space of time.
Straked, 661, proceeded, went.
Streyght to helle, 1122.
Streyȝte, 641, stretched.
Stye, 208, to ascend.
Stynte, 878, stint, stop, cease.
Sum, 684, somewhat, partly.
Sumdele, 702, 733, somewhat, a little.
Sustryn, 647, sisters.
Swaþe, 974, 976, wrap.
Swote, 370, 379, sweat.
Swouned, 785, swooned.
Swyche, 508, 813, such.
Swyþe, 137, "swyþe sone," very soon. See *Aswyþe*.
Syghyng, 271.
Syre, 501, 535, sire, sir.
Syxte, 606.

Tagh, 243, 279, taught.
Tary, 560, 597, tarry, delay.
Tendyrly, 119, tenderly.
Teren, 634, tears.
Teþ, 116, teeth.
þe, 69, they.
þees, 847, thighs.
þeke, 446, that.
þeron, 924.
þeuys, 576, thieves.
þo, 98, 423, 432, then, at that time.
Thogh, 104, "as þogh," though.
þole, 887, suffer.
þore, 757, there.
þred, 41, 538, third.
þrest, 289, thrust.
þryd, þrydde, 179, 245, third.
þryst, 733, thirst.
þrysted, 736, desired.
þrysted, 737, thirsted.
þrytty, 335, thirty
þryys, 360, thrice.
þurgh, 623, 859, through.
þyes, 841, thighs.
Thyr, 22, there.
þyrwhylys, 367, 443, therewhiles, during that time.
To, 362, two, or twice.
To braste, 566.
Toke, 168, 278, 1014, gave.
Too, 654, two.
Toure, 376, tower.
Touþer, 656.
Tray, 156, betray.
Trewe, 58, true, faithful.
Trustly, 1107, confidently, truly.

Trusty, 58, trustworthy.
Tugge, 441, pull violently.
Twey, 50, 629, two.
Twyys, 360.

Varye, 598, alter, change.
Ver, 583, "a ver," afar, at a distance.
Verry, 84, true, real.
Vnder neme, 513, ? examine.
Vnsekernes, 440.
Vpbreyde, 787.
Vsage, 1054.
Vyleynsly, 580, villanously.
Vysage, 1053, visage, face.

Wadeþ, 520, wades.
Wake, 305, 358, 887, watch.
Wax, 369, 784, grew.
Wenles, 812, wemless, spotless.
Werche, 937, to work, perform.
Werchyng, 200, deed, undertaking.
Weren, 633, were.
Wete, 506, wet, water.
Weten, 1103, know.
Weyle, 450, wail.
Wharto, 725, whereto, for what purpose.
Whet, 631, whetted, pointed.
Whyle, 1062, "a whyle," awhile, for a time.
Witnesseþ, 51, bears witness.
Wode, 617, mad.
Wo me, 1081.
Wone, 262, dwelling place, world.
Wone, 750, to dwell.
Wrake, 366, 458, destruction, mischief, harm.
Wrappe, 975.
Wrastyn, 911, wrest, strain, pull.
Wraþþe, 345, (glossed) wrath.
Wroþer, 290 (a comparative), more angry.
Wryde, 624, wrapped, covered.
Wul, 829, would, will.
Wuld, "wuld God," 999.
Wuldyn, 947, would (*plur.*).
Wunt, 937, 975, wont, in the habit of (doing).
Wykked, 870.
Wynne, 6, gain, obtain, win.
Wyse, 144, "alle wyse."
Wysshe, 166, washed.
Wyte, 339, wete, knew.

Y, 102, I.
Y, 500, in.
Y, 120, 882, "y wys," I-wis, truly, certainly.
Ye, *plur.* yen, 101, 357, 643, eye.
Ylad, 487, led.
Ynstrumentys, 884, instruments.

ȝede, went, p. 35.
ȝenseyyng, 637, opposition, strife, gainsaying.
ȝoue, 331, given, rewarded.
ȝow, 314, thee.
ȝulde, 346, given, rewarded.
ȝungeste, 56, youngest.
ȝyfte, 181, gift.
ȝyfþ, 1106, giveth.
ȝyueþ, 848.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

[*To be added to* Meditations, *Original Series*, 1875, *No.* 60.]

NOTE

TO THE

"MEDITATIONS ON THE SUPPER OF OUR LORD AND THE HOURS OF THE PASSION."

Early English Text Society, 1875, Original Series, No. 60.

When Robert Manning's translation of the *Meditations of our Lord* was published in 1875, only two manuscript copies of the Poem were known to be in existence, one in the British Museum, the other in the Bodleian Library. On my return to England a month ago, Miss Toulmin Smith informed me that she had discovered another copy in a MS. volume belonging to the *Bedford Library*, and made arrangements for me to examine it to see whether this copy differed materially from that already published.

Leaves 1 to 175 inclusive of the MS. contain the *Cursor Mundi* in English as far as the Final Judgment. Into the body of the *Cursor* the copyist has worked the *Meditations* as an integral part of that poem. If the reader will turn to Dr Morris's edition of the *Cursor*, Part III, p. 855, he will find the Trinity MS. (l. 14914) reads—

> For to suffere peynes grym
> Monnes soule to haue to him
> Of þe passioun speke we here
> How he vs bouȝte ihesu dere
> Secundum euangelium

Where the Bedford MS. reads (leaf cxix, col. 2)—

Fforto Soffre paynis grim
Manis Soule to haue to hym
Here begyn*n*eth þe meditation of
þe pascion of Crist & of þe
Lamentation of oure Lady Saint
Mary þ*a*t Sche made for her
Son when Sche Se hym
torment amo*n*g þe Iewis which
Was compiled of bonaventure
a gode clerk & a Cardinall of Rome
& þe meditacions of all þe houris of þe day.

After going through this new MS. of the *Meditations*, I do not think there is much cause for regret that we did not know of its existence earlier, as it is a much later copy [the MS. is dated on the back of leaf 216, "p*ri*mo die Ianuare Anno dni M.cccc.xlij."] and very inferior to those in the British Museum and the Bodleian. It omits a large number of words, and transposes others, often for the worse, and leaves out lines 7 and 8, 165 and 166, 516 to 523 inclusive, 1041 and 1042, 1141 and 1142. The headings to the different meditations are also omitted.

On the other hand, we have two new lines which occur between ll. 652 and 653 of the printed edition. They are—

Beholde man þy lorde on þe rode
þ*e*re was no lym bote þ*a*t ran on blode

And the MS. probably gives more correct readings of the following lines than the Brit. Mus. MS. gives:—

214. So ȝiffe þe payne or endeles blis.
216. Is godson quik and not dede.
1101. þey schull in hell eu*e*rmore a be lore
1102. Bote I hym to þis deth had I bore.

Lines 61-62, 251-252, 887-888, and 1093-1094 have been transposed. Some of the verbal differences may be noted here:—

In l. 50 we find "Seventyn & twey."

Ll. 63, 64. Her table was brode & ffoure q*ua*rter
þo maner of a chekyr.

103. "wept ffast" for "ete faste"

108. Iudas Scariot þ*a*t is So bolde

150. Before his trayt*our* ffete sitting
238. "Comforte" for "enformed"
268. Kitte her hertis & made he*m* bolde for "colde."
270. w*ith* handis wring*ing* for "here hedys bowyng."
316. "Distempryd" for "dysturbled"
344. "day & night" for "gode and ry3t."
367. "while" for "þyrwhylys"
410. "valay of distres" for "valey of dyrknes"
414. "blode clere" for "blody coloure"
477. "of Iangeling" for "eche a gadlyng"
502. "Schenschipe . . . hate" for "frenshepe . . . debate"
567. "punchyd" for "punged."
578. "Iewis" for "þeues"
608. "þe cros" for "þyn herte"
655. "nailis" for "veynes"
718. "Iohn beholde þy modir" for "beholde þy modyr, broþer"
744. "Anguyschyd" for "angred"
756. "swetyng" for "shyittyng"
850. "I am his modir" for "hys sory modyr."
944. "wroght" for "bo3t" [Better]
958. "Kist his hede" for "lyfte hyt"
974. "Wiped" for "swaþed"
1123. "ffadirs" for "fendys"

With lines 1029-1030 of the printed poem the following from the Bedford MS. may be compared :—

> 3iff þou arise þe þrid day
> Truly I am comfort ffor eu*er* & aye.

With the following extract from the MS. under examination I bring these few notes to a close :—

> Se now þe man*er* of þe crucifying
> Two laddirs be sett þe cros behynde
> and two enemyes vp fast þay clymbe
> W*ith* hamyrs & naylis scharpely swifft
> A Schort ladder hy*m* pight

*þer*e as þe ffete Schorter were
Beholde þis Sight w*ith* rewly tere
Crist Ih*es*u his bodye vp stye
Be þe Schort laddir þe cros on hye
W*ith* oute nay he gan vp wende
And when he cam to þe ladder ende
Towards þe cros his bak he layde
And his riall armys displayed
His ffeyre handis he oute streght
And to þe crucifiers hem right
And to his ffadir he caste his yen
And sayde here I am ffadir myn
Vnto þis cros *þ*ou mekist me .
My ffor manhede I offre to þe .
My brethe*rs* & Siste*rs* *þ*ou hast made hem
Ffor my loue fadir be mérciabill to he*m*
All olde Syn*n*is *þ*ou hem ffor3effe
And graun*t* þy blis w*ith* vs to lyue
Derworthy fadir saue all man kyn
Lo here I am offred for her Syn.

Leaf cxxiiij, col. 2, and back. Lines 628 to 652

J. M. COWPER.

Watling Street, Canterbury,
Jan. 17, 1878.

00046318

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Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018